BOMBS! We now Insure Life, Limb AND HOME. SEE PAGE ELEVEN.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 443. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28. 1914. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

332854

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

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NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death ;—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, December 2nd, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, December 3rd.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 6d. and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons and P.O. for 1s. 6d. only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Nov. 28, 1914.

State whether you prefer a Fine Medium, or Broad Nib

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER ?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—

MISS A. FISHWICK, 14, Boynton Street Boulevard, Hessle Road, Hull October 31st. 346453.

W. BLAMIRE, 14, Victoria Street, Haverton Hill, Middlesbrough October 31st. 245,252.

W. ATWELL, Farm Cottage, Edington N., Bridgewater, Somerset October 31st. 561,628.

J. M. WILLIAMS, 25, Lucas Street, Newport, Mon. October 31st. 519 993

J. GRIME, 34, Lime Street, Gt. Harwood, nr. Blackburn. October 31st. 371,776.

MRS. M. DREW, 123, St. Mary Church Road, Babbacombe, Torquay. November 7th. 989,720.

HERBERT BUNCH, 7, Manley Street, Brighouse, Yorkshire. November 7th. 228,738.

R. W. WAINWRIGHT, 111, Victor Street, Walsall. November 7th. 913 990.

J. GILBEY, 4, Jessop Lane, Sheffield. November 7th. 479,697.

J. SHIPLEY, 49, Stonyford Road, Wombwell, nr. Barnsley, November 7th. 879,210.

GEORGE DICK, 144, Crocketon Street, Glasgow. November 7th. 583,930.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 21st:—

002183	162769	364775	542023	763302
022290	176584	386509	554331	81952,
041300	199567	392895	569139	854204
063052	220640	417639	589073	864058
075242	233354	462189	613749	870220
091681	257203	470723	645232	901742
106065	267157	486717	655690	969530
115362	307478	493078	686386	976481
134868	328859	509913	709368	A000469
152155	341786	523369	723736	A002478

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published December 5th).

FIRST READ THIS. If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Dec. 12th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bradford	v.	Liverpool
			Manchester U.	v.	Sheffield U.
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Middlesbro'
			Notts County	v.	Tottenham H.
			Sunderland	v.	Burnley
			Sheffield W.	v.	Bradford C.
			Everton	v.	Manchester C.
			Fulham	v.	Wolver. Wand.
			Hull City	v.	Barnsley
			Derby County	v.	Bury
			Lincoln City	v.	Bristol C.
			Birmingham	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Southend U.
			Millwall A.	v.	Swindon
			Bristol R.	v.	Portsmouth
			Croydon C.	v.	Luton T.
			Reading	v.	Exeter C.
			Southampton	v.	Cardiff C.
			Northampton	v.	Brighton & H. A.
			West Ham	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

8 *Address* .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 23, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 8, and post to reach us not later than **Friday, December 11th.**

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on December 12th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number: and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Bradford v. Liverpool				Lincoln C. v. Bristol C.
			Manchester U. v. Sheffield U.				Birmingham v. Hudderef'd T
			Bolton Wan. v. Middlesbro'.				Queen's P. R. v. Southend U.
			Notts C. v. Tottenham H.				Millwall A. v. Swindon
			Sunderland v. Burnley				Bristol R. v. Portsmouth
			Sheffield W. v. Bradford C.				Croydon C. v. Luton T.
			Everton v. Manchester C.				Reading v. Exeter C.
			Fulham v. Wolver. Wand.				Southampton v. Cardiff C.
			Hull City v. Barnsley				Northampton v. Br'ton & H.A
			Derby County v. Bury				West Ham v. Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 443 Week ending Saturday, November 28th 1914. One Penny.

Third Edition Now Ready.

The "JOHN BULL"
Portfolio of
WAR CELEBRITIES 1/- net

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£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for NOV. 21st, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 030,146.
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

When will it End?

We still predict that the War will be over within a few months. All the same, another half million recruits will put the finishing touch to the job.

The Butcher's Bill.

Our casualties up to the end of October, we are told, are 57,000. Add 23,000 more to date, and you have the total. Then take 750,000 French, 1,500,000 German, 250,000 Austrian, 50,000 Servian, and 500,000 Russian—and you see what we have already to debit to the account of the Butcher of Berlin—curse him!

Those Spies.

If the Government will not agree to set up a Committee of Public Safety, as suggested by Sir Henry Dalziel in the Commons the other day, will it, at any rate, do us the honour of considering our suggestion that the Defence of the Realm Act should be amended, by giving power to detain and deport any suspected spy, even though he be naturalised?

The Old Firm.

Here they are again—Beer, Tea and Income! None of your "fancy" taxes, says the Chancellor of the Exchequer—stick to the old firm. The fact that our ally France gets several millions a year from Advertisements, Amusements and Betting does not appeal to the sleepy old fogeys at the Treasury—whilst as to those dormant Bank Balances and Unclaimed Securities—well, it would never do to offend the Banks!

The Prince.

We are glad that the Prince has at last been allowed to proceed to the front; but why proclaim to all the world exactly where he is to be found?

The War Loan.

Why was this issued at 95? To oblige the bankers and the professional financiers, so that they may secure the bulk of the Loan at the issue price, and then palm it off on the public at par? How they *do* hoodwink the dear, simple Chancellor, to be sure!

Those Bombs!

If you cannot secure a coupon from this journal for the purpose of insuring every member of your family against the Zeppelin peril, just get a copy of *Mary Bull*—which will do just as well.

King Edward's Horse.

Some strange stories reach us in reference to this regiment, located at Langley Park, Slough. Out of 550 horses nearly 100 are said to be sick, whilst there is more than a suspicion of German blood in the camp.

That Wonderful War Album.

The next time you are standing by a bookstall just pick up the "JOHN BULL War Album" and look at it. The album does the rest.

The General Election.

Under the Parliament Act there must be a General Election not later than December of next year, or, possibly, January of 1916. *If* by that time the war should not be over, it is possible that an uncontested election will be agreed upon by the various parties—to be followed by Dissolution after peace is declared. In any case, Mr. Asquith can hardly repeat the election dodge of 1900, by going to the country on the war, and then, being sent back to finish it, sticking to office for several years.

Our Recruiting Meetings.

We have just returned from addressing another vast audience—this time in the splendid City Hall of Hull—and are delighted to know that we were the means of giving local recruiting a fine fillip. With the Sheriff of the city—a leading and much-esteemed merchant—in the chair; the Lord Mayor, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Nunburnholme, Col. Harrison Broadley, M.P., Colonel Conran, and a host of other celebrities on the platform, the meeting was, by general consent, the biggest thing which the old city has seen for many a year. The hall is one of the most magnificent and spacious building in the provinces, and was packed to its uttermost capacity, many thousands being unable to obtain admission. Now for Colwyn Bay, on Friday night, and, after that, Warrington—with Harold Smith, M.P. ("F. E.'s" brilliant brother), in the Chair—and then the Albert Hall.

"John Bull" and "Mary Bull" are THE ONLY PAPERS insuring Life, Limb and Home FREE.

Hanley's Wet Blanket.

A meeting of the Hanley Liberal Six Hundred has discovered a soaking wet blanket for enthusiasm towards their member. Mr. Outhwaite is of the little navy and less army school, but it seems to have so astounded the noble Six Hundred that their member had ostentatiously absented himself from the district during the relief and recruiting meetings that they asked him to come along and explain. Even when he arrived he was so flaming hot about "the great land taxation reform," and so cold about the war, that he gave 'em the shivers. "As for the recruiting meetings," said he, "he could not fight himself, and he thought it would be a grave responsibility to ask other people to do what he could not do himself." Again, said he, "it was not so much Prussian militarism they had to fight against as the spirit of militarism in England. Even if the Germans came to the ports of France this country would still be safe"; if "the great land taxation scheme" were in vogue, no doubt. One of the speakers, Mr. Alderman Ball, did not take the Outhwaite cold pudding at all. "The house is on fire," he thundered, "and until it is put out land taxation reform can wait." There speaks the business end of the Liberal Six Hundred, and speaks like the old Heart of Oak. Mr. Outhwaite had better buck up to the facts. Oh, these faddists!

A Prancing Professor.

In a recent issue of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, a certain Dr. Leonard, Professor of Physics at Heidelberg University, has blown off steam in a most blood-curdling manner, perhaps with a view to cheering the flagging spirits of the baulked patriots of the Fatherland. He writes:—"The central nest and supreme academy for all hypocrisy in the world, which is on the Thames, must be destroyed if the work is to be done thoroughly." If by the "work" is meant the subjugation of Britain, the Herr Professor is doubtless correct, but he is mistaken if he assumes that the defence of London will collapse to the tune of his powerful braying. And just read this fiery tit-bit with which the learned Leonard concludes his impressive manifesto. "The struggle upon which we have entered is, therefore, something more than even a struggle for the existence and honour of the Fatherland; it is a crusade for the assertion of honesty on earth!" Now we know.

Brave, Judge Thomas!

Well-spoken and outspoken were the words Judge Thomas addressed to the representative of Messrs. Pierce and Son, Lawton Road, Waterloo, Liverpool, who wanted to "exercise their right of entry" in respect of certain rooms occupied by the wife of a soldier; in other words, wanted to turn her out. Judge Thomas wasn't "having any," as they say in the classics. "Her husband is fighting at the front," he remarked; "she had recently lost two little girls; and she herself has undergone four operations in hospital. She is doing laundry work, cannot get other rooms, and is anxious to pay the rent weekly with a little off the arrears. This is a case in which the Emergency Act applies, and I shall not assist you." For once in her life, at any rate, the woman found that law was the same thing as justice. Gentlemen, hats off to his Honour!

Why WE should be Ashamed.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, New York, has been letting off some hot air. Says he: "No one steps forward to claim credit for the war. Everybody is ashamed of it." Well, we reckon if we Britishers have any reason to be ashamed of it, it is because *we did not make it impossible* years ago, when we had the power. God knows, the country was warned.

To Doff or Not to Doff?

We are second to none in our respect and admiration for the gallant recruits who have answered, are answering, and will continue to answer their country's call; but knowing something of Tommy's "temperament," his inherent modesty and objection to "fuss," we are inclined to look askance at the "Hats off to the Recruits" movement initiated by the New Church Women's League. That bodies of troops marching through the streets appreciate a rousing and hearty cheer we can very well understand, and we gladly join in the chorus whenever the opportunity occurs. But to raise our hat to "Tommy" is to treat him as a lady or a funeral. He is neither the one nor the other. He is a *man*, and he likes to be treated as a man. Let us reserve our hat-lifting for the regimental colours, as do our gallant allies the French. That is a graceful custom which we might very well adopt; for in the old *drapeau* abide memories of past achievements and the promise of heroic action to come. Those, at any rate, are *our* sentiments.

Fling out his Banner!

The Germhun press is as little struck by the removal of the Kaiser and his brood from the list of honorary Field Marshals of the British Army as we are. It points out, as we did, that on August 4th the Kaiser sent an *aide de camp* to throw these honours in the face of Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador at Berlin. "Therefore," it adds, "the erasure can only mean that the Kaiser has himself erased his name." We wonder whether this is the true explanation of the delay? If it is, will the Kaiser also oblige by renouncing his Order of the Garter, as the reluctance of the Most Noble Companionship of the Order to erase his name from the list and fling his banner out of St. George's Chapel at Windsor into the street is evidently due to the desire of the Knights not to appear unchivalrous towards so knightly a friend of the British people?

Free, Gratis, and for—a Ha'penny!

A soldier went into a canteen the other day to buy a packet of cigarette papers. He was charged a halfpenny for a book of the familiar "Zig-Zag" brand—manufactured by Braunstein Frères, of Paris—quite a reasonable price, we admit. But when he opened the packet he found printed within in bold letters: "Presented to the British Soldiers and Sailors with Compliments from the French Manufacturers." A free gift is not a free gift if one has to pay a halfpenny for it, and we would like to know how the canteen contractors or managers justify the charge of a halfpenny for an article intended by its manufacturers for complimentary presentation to our soldiers and sailors. If any other soldier or sailor has had a similar experience, we should be glad to hear, with full particulars, so that we may make representations to the proper quarter.

Poor Rates and Poor Folk.

Writing from Kincardine, "A Soldier's Wife" asks us whether she is expected to pay poor rate. "I have no other income beyond my 12s. 6d. a week," she says, "and that has to provide rent, food, clothes, coal and light. My husband, a Reservist, has been away since August 5th, and made good wages, which were altogether stopped when he went to join his regiment." Similar cases arise in England, where, we believe, the local authorities are willing to admit an excuse. It would be unconscionable for the local authority to squeeze out of a poor woman, for the support of the poor, money which she needs to support herself. We do not know what view they take in Scotland, where they have laws and sentiments of their own, but perhaps if the poor woman put her case before the Kincardine rate collectors they would deal with it in the right spirit.

Once again we offer £1,000 for a Football coupon. See page 27.

"The Settlement."

A reader appears to think that in one of our recent "Heard in the Train" series, under the above sub-heading, we were a little rough on the Cadbury family and the *Daily News* in reference to the war. We have no wish to be unjust to anyone or to any newspaper, and therefore have no hesitation in admitting that immediately hostilities broke out our contemporary fell into line and evinced a patriotic spirit worthy of the best traditions of the *Daily News* of former days; but at the same time we are of the opinion that the pacificist pro-German and disarmament policy preached by the Cadbury Press during the last few years, when Germany's evil designs were plain to the late Lord Roberts, Robert Blatchford, Frederick Harrison, others and ourselves, was very largely responsible for the state of unpreparedness in which the country found itself when the Huns made their devastating descent upon Belgium; that this state of unpreparedness, known perfectly well to the Germans, encouraged them in their design; and that, in consequence, what is generally known as the Cadbury Press was largely, if indirectly, responsible for the war. That is our opinion. The same correspondent reminds us, also, that Cadbury's are acting generously towards the dependents of such of their employees as have joined the colours. We are glad to hear it; but, at the same time, we find it difficult to refrain from adding, "So they ought." All who were foolish enough to believe in the reality of German friendship must bear some of the blame for the present strife; and the least they can do is to provide generously for the needs of the families of the brave men who are offering their lives to repair the errors of former pacificists and German sympathisers.

Too Merciful.

It appears that Mr. Albert John Bond, Managing Director of the Carbon Paper Company, of Queen Victoria Street, was lately in want of a lady clerk, and having inserted an advertisement in the newspapers he arranged to interview applicants at his office. The girls were admitted to his presence singly, and while chatting with one of them he committed what was afterwards described at the Mansion House Police Court as a "technical common assault." Whatever the precise nature of the affront, it was of so offensive a character that the girl's parents insisted upon prosecuting Bond, who pleaded guilty to the minor offence named. In fining the defendant £5, Alderman Sir E. Cooper remarked that "perhaps he was taking a too merciful view of the case," and, having regard to certain facts brought to our knowledge, we are disposed to concur in this opinion. We must keep an eye on Bond, and meanwhile ladies in search of employment should give him a wide berth.

A Peril of the Sea.

A fine old shell-back, who has sailed the salt seas for many a year, directs our attention to the fact that the Government have neglected to order the landing of all alien enemies employed on board our merchant ships—even those vessels serving as troopers and light cruisers. Casting his mind back, he remembers the wreck of a transport with troops, horses, traction engines and stores at the time of the Boer War, through the engines going astern instead of ahead as ordered. The chief engineer was a native of Heligoland; but when it was discovered that he had been born on that island before the Germans took it over he was allowed to continue on the transport as chief engineer. Personally we think saloon waiters an almost equal peril. They, like little pigs, have big ears, and know how to use them.

Zeal and Zabern.

There is a flavour of Zabern in the exploit of the young lieutenant who, resenting being asked to pay his bill of 5s. 1d. after dining at an Eastbourne hotel, returned with three men, armed with rifles and fixed bayonets, to threaten the proprietress and seize the waiter, whom he marched off under arms to the drill hall and there imprisoned until the morning. As the Press Bureau does not vouchsafe the name of this enterprising ass, we can only assume it is withheld in order to prevent the disclosure of the tactical dispositions of the Allies at the seat of war. The report from the front merely states that he has been reported to the local Licensing Association and let off with an apology to the lady and £10 compensation to the waiter. From all which we gather that before dining at the hotel somebody had been foolish enough to "treat" him. There are rumours of a Court Martial. He should at least be condemned to sign the pledge until he recovers from what we trust is merely temporary insanity.

A Harsh Sentence.

The Ramsgate Magistrates, Mr. H. Weigall in the Chair, recently sentenced three fishing apprentices to a fortnight's imprisonment with hard labour for failure to join their smacks when ordered to do so. The circumstances of the "mutiny" would have moved the sympathy of any man of ordinary human feelings. The unhappy boys, one sixteen and the others seventeen years of age, were in terror of submarine mines, and after witnessing the destruction of a local smack, they declined to face the grisly peril. That the lads were not deficient in ordinary courage was evidenced by their expressed willingness to join the Army, but they were firm in their refusal to put out to sea in imminent peril of death without the least chance of striking a blow in retaliation or defence.

A Bad Character by Mistake.

What wonderful vagaries, mental, clerical and otherwise, are brought about by the stress and pressure of war! Some weeks ago a lad, who had joined the army and was sent back as not likely to be efficient, brought us his certificate of discharge, which was plastered with the red print that warns all and sundry that the holder was drummed out for being a thoroughly bad character. To make it worse, the date on the paper showed that the discharge had been issued about a month before the man joined. In fact, according to the document, he was chucked out of the army about the time when he was first thinking of joining it! However, we have had the matter rectified by the War Office and are sending the would-be warrior a clean parchment bill of health. In fact, his only blemish, according to the new and only genuine discharge, is a "scar, right eyebrow."

A Poor Example.

We learn that at Banbury, where the Assistant-Master of the Workhouse and other Poor Law officers have joined the colours, the Guardians have refused to pay any part of their wages during their absence; while at Malmesbury, Wiltshire, where the workhouse porter enlisted, his pay was stopped on the very day he left, without any guarantee of re-engagement upon his return. We are entitled to expect something better than this from responsible public authorities.

The Labourer and his Hire.

According to report from Berlin, Germhun officers are to receive only 30 per cent. of their pay after December 1st. We suppose this is officially to intimate that cash is running short and that they may take out the other 70 per cent. in loot and lust.

Result of our No. 6 Football contest. See page 27.

WANTED, A NEW RELIGION.

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCHES—THE PALSY OF THE PARSONS.

There was a time when this journal was generally regarded as an irreligious, if not an agnostic, organ. The idea, doubtless, arose from the frequent castigations which we were in the habit of administering to the professional clergy—just in the same way as we took to task the professional politicians—the public mind not being quite ripe, at first, for the gospel of religion without Sect, any more than it was prepared for politics without Party. But we have been hammering away now for upwards of eight years; and, just as the great war crisis has demonstrated the truth of our political faith, and everybody is now convinced that Business and not Party is to be the new order of Government, so has it proved to the world that we are not indifferent to those fundamental verities which underlie all the warring creeds and constitute a mystic link between the human and the divine. We have never scoffed at religion; we have never doubted the need, in the present stage of our evolution, for it. The world is not yet quite old enough to run alone, and deprived of Faith and Hope it would be a sorry place to live in. We have never scoffed at prayer—prayer of reverential, unselfish effort to establish communion with God, and all that God stands for in the mind and soul of man. Many a man and woman—aye, and many a little child—whose eyes have seldom been lifted to the skies of Faith, do more in this hour of Destiny by a simple, broken prayer, framed on faltering lips, than do all the clerics with their holy water, their altar lights, their credos, and their doctrinal formularies. How? Ask the man in the shell-swept trenches, and he will tell you that he fights with better heart and courage, knowing that somewhere in his distant island home, away across the waters, someone he loves is kneeling, with clasped hands and soul-lit eyes, invoking a blessing on his head and on the righteous cause for which he fights in death grips with "the shadow cloaked from head to foot, that keeps the keys of all the creeds." Yes, we search our conscience and affirm that not religion, but religionists and religiosity, is what excites our wrath. Cant, Self-righteousness, Dogma, Doctrine—these things are as far removed from Religion as Party Politics are from Statesmanship. And that is why the churches have so lamentably failed in this great crisis. They do not count—any more than the Party Politicians do; but whereas the Parliament men have been moved to realise the fact, and have combined to do their best in the country's cause, the Churchmen have stuck to their shibboleths and done—just nothing.

What are the Parsons Doing?

At the London Opera House we commented upon their apathy; and we have been watching curiously ever since to discover whether our spiritual guides, as they are called, realise the extent to which they, in common with all other representatives of Thought and Opinion, are on their trial. Surely they do not for a moment delude themselves with the idea that in the great Stock-taking they are going to be overlooked—excused from justifying their existence and their calling? If so, they will have a rude awakening. True, they have arranged a special day of prayer—early in the new year—when the fate of the war will be for all practical purposes decided; true, they are holding Intercession services, just as the Germans and Austrians are doing; true, the Bishop of London is wearing khaki; but what are they *doing*? The other day the parsons of Worthing held a meeting for the purpose of raising funds for the "conversion" of the frigid Esquimo! And here, before us, is an earnest appeal for a Spanish "mission." And here is a rector protesting that Britain began the war by despoiling the venerable church in Wales—"a far more detestable crime than the destruction of Reims Cathedral"—whilst reports galore of sermons on more or less similar lines bestrew our desk.

Here is one attributing the war to God's vengeance for the passing of the Home Rule Act; another sees in it nothing else than our punishment for Sunday boating and Sunday cinemas; another, to our football and racing sins! Such is the spiritual vision begotten of bigotry. Some day we will look at the kind of comfort and guidance given to devout inquirers. We have much material before us—sent, in many cases, by grateful readers who have found more inspiration in our own words, they say, than in all the sermons of their priests and pastors. And that is our sufficient reward. But what a tragedy it all is! In this, the deepest trial of our faith and fortitude, men are looking everywhere but to the Pulpit for guidance and inspiration. Why are the churches and chapels still empty? Why do the congregations consist mainly of women and children. It is because men are crying for something more than Doctrine and Dogma, and Ritual and Rubric—all of which are sharply divorced from the common life of the world. That, too, is why the Man in the Pulpit is a stranger to the Man in the Street. The facetious notion of a "third sex," comprising ministers of religion, is by no means extinct. It was a poor joke, perhaps, but it had a germ of truth. Even to-day the average man is disposed to regard the parson as a dehumanised cipher. In a few notable instances, it is true, big-hearted clerics have lived down this enervating tradition; but, on the whole, the churches have dismally failed to reach the human heart—with the result that in this great hour they have been smitten with dumb palsy.

A Sorry Picture.

They have failed to show us the guiding star in the darkened heavens. In their agony, people have cried for comfort, with no answer save the mumbling of stale shibboleths, grown meaningless with vain repetition. The soul of the nation has found no echo in the house of worship. The devilries of a crowned assassin have called forth no clarion rebuke. The voice which, on a memorable occasion, "damned" the Sultan from the

pulpit of the City Temple is silent for ever, and there is no great prophet left in the churches to proclaim the anger of offended Deity. The truth is that the churches were unready; in time of peace they had lost touch with the throbbing life of the nation. Every denomination was conscious of what was usually called "arrested progress." At Church Congresses and at meetings of the Free Church Council, it was a stock subject of debate. The *Daily News* went to the trouble of counting the churchgoers, and shed salt tears over their paucity. "How can we reach the masses?" was the plaintive cry of parson, priest and prelate. One panicky expedient succeeded another. Ornate ritual, picturesque ceremonial, Pleasant Sunday Afternoons. Sect vied with sect in the variety of its attractions and in the scope of its "social effort." Bazaars and whist drives, lectures and gymnasia, concerts and conversaziones—all to no purpose. A few bold clerics tried the bait of "rationalism," and there was a "new theology." There was really nothing "new" about it, but it had an air of novelty. Still, it failed. Then the "rationalists" quarrelled with the "ritualists," and the "evangelicals" with both; though all the while they sang lustily that they were "one in faith and doctrine, one in charity."

Into such a camp of confusion came the clarion note of war, the challenge to supreme issues, the tocsin of Destiny, the awful voice of God. In a rending flash, the heavens opened, and the priests had missed the vision. Britain's greatest glory had dawned, but no hint of its stupendous meaning enriched their understandings. Think what might have been if only the ministers—remembering the real meaning of their name—had risen to the summons. *Ours* to suffer and to sacrifice—*theirs* to hearten, comfort and console. *Ours* to marshal the forces of Might—*theirs* to proclaim the invincible majesty of Right. *Ours* to exact the righteous penalty of lust, murder and rapine—*theirs* to pronounce the sentence just. Did the conscience of the nations slumber? Theirs, then, to lash it into a fury of holy wrath. Did idlers skulk at home while brave men went smiling to their death? Theirs to shame them from their sloth and to fire their stagnant souls with high resolve. The deep spiritual significance of the war, its high moral import, and its vast human potentialities, should have been brought home to the minds and hearts of the people. Here, surely, was a Great Thing to preach about—God's rebuke, man's sacrifice, and atonement, the precursor of an era of deeper love and more abounding mercy—a wider justice and a more visible truth. But they are silent. The pity of it!

Wanted, a New Religion.

Yes, that is the solution. The world wants a new religion—a *human* religion, free from intellectual dishonesty and moral Pharisaism. Put plainly, the parson must learn to speak the truth—and to mind his own business. There must be an end for ever to the stupid and impertinent heresy that the Great Architect of the Universe is mortally offended when a man drinks a pint of beer or puts a shilling on the Derby favourite. And there must be an end, too, of the disingenuous tricks by which the parsons have sought to resist the truths and teachings of science and sane secular thought. The Bible itself must be put in its proper place as the best and grandest of all the old Eastern allegories and poems, owing much of its imagery to the Bibles of earlier religions, but full of glorious wisdom and inspiration. In a sentence, if the parsons want to fill the churches and chapels, and find their way to the hearts of the people, they will find honesty the best policy. Following a sacred precedent, they must make room at their board for the publican and the sinner, without marring their hospitality by flinging his "sins" in his face—there is no sacred precedent for that. Artificial and vexatious rules for the regulation of personal conduct must give way to broad conceptions of social equity and national righteousness. In the stress of these days, we are all getting to know each other a little better, and are ready to meet the parsons more than half way. We are ready to join with them in the contemplation (say, if you will, the worship), not of a mannish, whimsical, personal Deity—which is a blasphemous caricature, an invention of priestcraft—but of the mighty and enduring Purpose of which God and man are but separate parts. Instead of the sect which now bears the name, let there be a true Catholic Church of England, divested of unlovely Puritanism, purged of spiritual pride, and broad enough to embrace every variety of honest spiritual aspiration. Let us gaze at the planets and the suns, and measure our littleness. Let us try to realise that, relatively to the magnitude of the Universe, not only we, but our world and all that is in it, are as the smallest things in the air we breathe; but that yet, withal, each of us has a destiny and a mission—so great and far-reaching is the scheme of the Unknown Author of All that Is, and has Been, and is To Be. Then, with truer perspective, we may take stock of ourselves, and ask how far we are fitted to lead our fellow-men in the march to the threshold of the land of mystery which at present lies beyond our ken. It is a long, long way—further far than Tipperary—and it may be that æons of time must come and go before the journey is ended. On the other hand, for aught we know we may be nearing the gates; and, perchance, before this generation has run its course, the Great Purpose of the Universe may be made manifest to all. There is something in the air which tells of big things coming—of a new, a better and a wiser world. The red blood is not flowing for mere caprice. We must find the explanation:—

> Yes, comrade, we must answer, and let our answer be,
> "Why is the red blood flowing?" *To chasten you and me.*

And what we want is a religion that will preach these truths; that will bid us forget our puny differences, and close our ranks, in reverence and hope—reverence for God and hope for mankind: bid us to have one church—its Creed, Human Brotherhood; its Priest, the Son of man; its God, the Father of man; its corner stones, the four quarters of the earth; and its dome, the vault of Heaven! *That* is the kind of religion for which the world is now ripe, and if this awful crisis should hasten its advent, then the red blood will not have been spilt in vain.

SUGAR SHYLOCKS.

HOW THE POOR ARE BEING ROBBED.

The first industry in this country to commence the policy of bleeding the consumer upon the declaration of war was the Sugar Refinery. One of the principal re..neries in England a year or two ago paid, including bonus, a dividend of 42½ per cent. on its ordinary shares, which were principally held by the family; and the wills of various re..ners of recent years reveal the fact that the piling up of million upon million is only the work of a few years to the fortunate proprietors.

In July last the stocks of sugar in the United Kingdom stood at about 150,000 tons, and cubes were selling at 18s. 6d. per cwt. Immediately after the declaration of war prices rose to 35s. and then fell to 33s. 6d. per cwt. Taking the latter figure, a simple calculation shows that the war pro..t to the re..ners comes to the enormous sum of £2,250,000. Now it must be remembered that all this sugar was in stock, bought at the pre-war price; the expenses of re..ning had not risen one farthing and there was not the slightest necessity for raising the price of sugar until all this enormous stock had been consumed. If you take one firm alone, the low July selling price shows that their warehouses were full, and at a very low estimate their stock must have been 20,000 tons. By raising the price 15s. per cwt. they quietly pocketed £300,000, wrung from the nation through sheer necessity—this over and above the ordinary re..ning and trading pro..ts. In passing, one might remark that this is the second time they have pocketed a fortune at one swoop. A few years back, when the duty was put on sugar, every available inch of their warehouses and even every foot of open yard was packed with huge piles of thousands upon thousands of tons. The query naturally arises, how did they know the Chancellor of the Exchequer intended to put on the duty?

A Bit of Sugar for the Vulture.

The Sugar Re..nery industry is a most interesting one to the British public at the present moment, because there is hardly any manufacturer who has contributed so largely indirectly to the Kaiser's war chest as the Sugar Re..ner. When you read in large letters on the box "*British* Re..ned Sugar" you naturally feel patriotic and drop an extra lump in your tea, with a national pride in the product of British brains and British machines; but wait a bit—let us stroll round a large re..nery and see the machinery in operation. Immediately the raw sugar is received it is melted up to a liquor. Ask that man the name of the machine performing this operation and he will answer "The German Mixer." It is driven by a motor, and the current for this and all other motors is generated by large turbines by the A. E. G. Co., of Berlin. The liquor is run through a filter press made by Dehne, of Halle, A.S. The huge pans in which sugar is boiled are made by Fires Lille Co., Aders of Magdeburg; the air-pumps producing the vacuum in these boiling pans bear the label "Maschinenfabrik Grerenbroich"—sounds British doesn't it? When the sugar leaves the pan it drops into a distributing vessel (Maschinenfabrik) and thence into the moulds—also Maschinenfabrik Grerenbroich, hundreds and hundreds of them. After which it is spun in centrifugal machines made by Maschinenfabrik Grerenbroich and finally cut up into the cubical form by machines bearing the good old British name of Schiebler, who lives at Aachen; and so on, *ad nauseam*. Pumps by Sulzer, pumps from Grerenbroich, refrigerators from Grerenbroich; granulators from America, evaporators from France and America, gas-washers from Germany, and even the granulated sugar is delivered to the waiting carts down a spiral shoot made in Germany.

Cheap and Nasty.

Of course there are English makers of all these machines, but it is the first cost which is in favour of Germany. British machines are better made and last longer, but they are dearer, and the patriotism of the Sugar Re..nery is not proof against the temptation of cheapness.

Let us be quite fair and know where we stand. Let our sugar be properly labelled, not "British" Re..ned, but "Re..ned in England with Germany's help"; then it will be driven home to us that every lump of sugar we have dropped in our tea has been a little more towards another German Dreadnought to wipe our tars off the seas.

TOMMY ATKINS, VILLAIN.

WHO WILL DEFEND HIS CHARACTER AND REPUTATION?

Without a doubt the British soldier is a thoroughly bad lot. The parsons think so, and say so in any case; at least, many of them do. A batch of sixteen of them has recently issued a circular to their parishioners. Apparently, these rev. gentlemen believe that the British soldier is the very devil, more especially the samples of him who have volunteered for this war. They think he is so thoroughly wicked, so much more flagrantly depraved in his morals than any other citizen at this or any other time, that it is necessary to issue special public warning to the community against him; particularly to women. They regard him as a species of new wild beast, going to and fro on the earth devouring our wives and children and other relatives—so that it seems to be prudent, after sunset, to lock-up even our grandmothers. It is true that, unlike other circulars of the kind on which we have commented, the "Letter from the local clergy to Young Women and Girls of all classes and employments" in the Crystal Palace district does not mention soldiers at all; but if these clergy have not the British soldier in mind, against whom do they beseech working women to guard their "deportment in the public eye in these very serious days," and "by their active efforts discourage in younger girls unbecoming frivolity and over-familiarity of manner"? Against whom do they warn "those who are just beginning to enjoy a certain amount of freedom," that "there are few things in the world more beautiful than the modest demeanour of a young girl," and that she should "scorn the undesirable approach of strangers and refuse to demean herself by aimless walking about the highways after dark"? Surely these sudden and solemn warnings against the immoral blandishments of the streets are not directed against deacons, policemen, special constables, firemen, roadmen, shopmen, professional holy men, or clerks? If they are, the appeal would have been issued long, long ago; for it would have been as true and as necessary before the war as in the midst of it. No, there is no resisting the conclusion—especially having regard to other circulars of the kind—that in the opinion of these clerical gentlemen the British soldier, the kind of man who is enlisting to-day, is a woefully shocking and even unconscionable specimen of humanity. It is not a nice character the pumpuritans and the parsons are giving to him; not a pretty label for his back when he goes to fight against the Germans. On the one hand, we are told that nobody must have a drink after tea because he gets beastly drunk; on the other, that women must not go out in the dark because he is in the street. Unless we are to stigmatise these pumpuritans and clergy in terms of unmitigated candour, we don't know how to take it all. If the British soldier is not a drunken scoundrel, it is obvious that these pumpuritans and clergy are wilfully or recklessly calumniating him. We think he is being wilfully and recklessly calumniated, but we cannot prove the proposition for him. He must prove it for himself. His conduct must give the lie to it. He must make himself unassailable. He has to stand for his own character; he must maintain his own reputation. This is obviously the special job the professional pulpitarians have put upon him at home, and we have con..dence that he will do it with as stout a heart as he will do the job he has put upon himself abroad—that of fighting the battles of liberty and justice and righteousness for his country.

A CHANGED COGNOMEN.

CURIOUS CASE OF A CHIEF CATERER.

Changing names is now the fashion. Here is another: "I, Ernest William Farnham, managing caterer . . . of German birth, but since 1904 a naturalised British subject, hereby give public notice that I have abandoned the use of my name of Ernst Wilhelm Farenheim." Mr. Farnham is head caterer of a well-known ste..mship company possessing a number of subsidised light cruisers helping to guard the seas; and there are many among us who think that persons of German origin—whether subsequently "naturalised" or not—should not occupy posts connected with our naval or military forces. In case Mr. Farnham did not know this, perhaps he will *now* take a hint.

Select a "John Bull" pen for *your* Xmas gift.

ROTTEN RATIONS FOR TOMMY.

TONS OF DISEASED MEAT FOR THE REGIMENTAL POT.

For weeks we have been inundated with letters from our Territorials at home and their comrades—"Lord Kitchener's Army" in the making—complaining of the quality of the meat served out as rations. The words "putrid," "uneatable," "rotten," have thickly bestrewed these communications. A concrete case has now come to our knowledge in which these various epithets may be applied literally.

A few days ago—on November 19th, to be precise—the first portion of a huge cargo of frozen meat from the River Plate, invoiced for Tommy's stomach, arrived at the Central Meat Market, Smithfield. One of the Inspectors employed by the War Office did not require much examination of it to condemn over eight tons of beef quarters—which our Commissioner describes as being "so disgusting in appearance and so palpably unfit even for the Zoo as to turn one from eating meat for ever." In addition to the beef there were a number of carcases of sheep, which were condemned because they were so abnormally fat that they were fit only for tallow.

This, remember, was condemned stuff which formed a consignment of thousands of tons that came over in a huge big-bellied River Plate ship. How much more, we wonder, was discovered among the remainder of the cargo?

Our Commissioner, not being a meat expert, brought one into consultation, and his delivered opinion was, "Those animals were diseased before they were killed. That is plain. The awful condition is not due to a breakdown in a refrigerator or anything of that kind, as the chill is still on the meat. It is only beginning to thaw."

We now begin to see the justice of the men's "grousing." We will ask only one question: Have we sufficient experts to examine the hundreds of tons of meat that are daily sent to our camps at home and in France? We believe the answer is "No." Therefore, if it be true—as is believed in the Central Meat Market—that our River Plate friends are foisting their diseased animals on us, many and many a quarter of diseased beef and many a wrong sheep has gone to the cooking pot to feed our brave chaps, who would prefer death through the dangers of the field or the trench to dying from ptomaine or other poisoning.

Many things militate against recruiting, and this food question is one of the chief of them. We have not submitted these remarks to the Military Censor, who would probably "turn them down." We commend them to Lord Kitchener and to the country. We want arrangements to be made to circumvent the spy, and we want to be assured that we have an adequate staff of able inspectors to secure that not even a rib-bone of the putrid and diseased stuff sent us by the Argentine merchants or any other contractors finds its way to the army cookhouse.

"GEYER" AND "GAYER."

CLEARING UP THE STOKE NEWINGTON MYSTERY.

Dr. A. Geyer, of 12, Allen Road, Stoke Newington—whose fining at the North London Police Court we recently commented upon, he being described in the Police Record Book as "Dr. Reginald Courtenay Gayer," the name borne by a South Kensington medical man who had nothing whatever to do with the case—writes us that when he first appeared in Court he was addressed as "Dr. Meyer," whereupon he naturally corrected the mistake, whilst his solicitor, in the course of his remarks, subsequently referred to him by his proper appellation. He had never heard before of the South Kensington doctor, and his name therefore could not have been given or used by him. That "Dr. A. Geyer" could not be found in the "Medical Directory" is doubtless explained by the fact that he only recently qualified, and it is quite probable that the Court officials, in looking for his full name for the purpose of the summons, assumed that Dr. Gayer, whom they of course discovered there, was the proposed defendant. The Stoke Newington medical man has, he informs us, expressed to his South Kensington brother practitioner his personal regret that he should have suffered through the erroneous use of his name—and here, we think, the matter may very well rest.

A CALLOUS COUNCIL.

THE BITTER CRY OF AN ISLINGTON RATEPAYER.

We recently reproved the Wandsworth Borough Council for their lack of consideration for harassed ratepayers, but their methods appear mild in comparison with those favoured by the rating authorities in the Metropolitan Borough of Islington. A reader furnishes us with this diary of the proceedings of the local powers in respect of a demand served upon the occupant of a small flat:—

Demand note left,	September 5th.
Summons left,	September 7th.
Brokers sent in,	September 12th.

Apart from the indecent haste of this procedure, it appears that there was, in point of fact, no valid ground for the levying of distress. Upon receipt of the summons, the tenant forwarded to the collector a cheque for the full amount of the rate, but his remittance was returned with an intimation that it could not be accepted without an extra shilling for the "cost of the summons." The tenant strongly objected to this charge, but he would probably have paid rather than risk the seizure of his goods. However, he had no time to reconsider the matter for, on the very day that his cheque was sent back, the brokers made their appearance. In lieu of distress, they accepted the amount of the rate plus the cost of the summons and a further three shillings for the "expenses" attendant upon their unwelcome visit. These proceedings had apparently been sanctioned by the Magistrates, but, expecting his cheque to be accepted, the tenant had failed to answer the summons.

Our correspondent invites our attention to other similar cases in his neighbourhood, a tenant having in one instance received a summons for a trifling instalment of rates, ten days after taking up residence in the Borough. It is clear that the municipal authorities have failed effectively to supervise the conduct of their underlings, who have been permitted to carry things with a high hand.

WILKINSON'S WRATH.

SCATHING LETTER OF SKIPTON ACCOUNTANTS.

A reader purchased a pair of boots for 10s. 3d. on the instalment plan from a firm called Factorini and Co., of Skipton, Yorks., and paid the weekly instalments faithfully until the firm failed to return the receipt card. He thereupon (and in our opinion properly) refused to pay anything further until he was handed an acknowledgment for his last remittance. Whereupon Messrs. Wilkinson and Co., Accountants, of 3, Newmarket Street, Skipton, appeared on the scene in the form of a sort of blue "frightener" couched in dreadfully threatening terms.

"Dear Sir," they begin,

> Are we to understand that you mean to defy us to do our worst in the matter of your account? If this is so you will regret having done so.

This is sufficiently startling, to commence with, but they appear to be masters in the art of making flesh creep:—

> If you are the class of man who is in the habit of going about the country getting goods and not paying for them, then the sooner the police are acquainted of your whereabouts and the better it will be for all concerned.

Messrs. Wilkinson's grammar strikes us as being a little shaky in the foregoing passage, but the ferocity of their intentions leaves nothing to be desired. Their next sentence rises almost to a scream:

> You are old enough to know the difference between right and wrong and have, therefore, no excuse for acting in this manner.

If the debtor had been a woman we could have understood this nasty reference to the vexed question of age, but, addressed to a man, it gives one the effect of an anti-climax. After this, having apparently exhausted their first frenzy, Messrs. Wilkinson adopt a milder tone, and conclude calmly enough by saying:

> We now wait for your remittance before taking action against you.

Messrs. Wilkinson's methods in business appear to be those of the Germans in war—to terrify with the sheer noise of their bombardment. Sometimes they may achieve their purpose, but in the instance brought to our notice we have reason to believe they did not

Another 250 "Bullets" Turkeys to be won this week. See page 28.

SUPPRESSING THE PRESS.

BRITAIN ENTITLED TO NEWS OF ITS GALLANT ARMIES.

To suppress the Press in this war is to suppress recruiting. The incentive to recruiting is glory and patriotism, and if the British military authorities are going to deny this war of the millions less publicity than would be given to a street accident or a row in the House of Commons, then we say they are doing a flagrant injustice and disservice to the nation. At the outset we said, and we still say, that we don't believe in conducting operations merely to send up the circulation of the papers; but there is a vast and vital difference between this and bottling-up the news until the Resurrection, when we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye. Lord Kitchener has never shown any enthusiasm for the war correspondent as such. We admit that unless he is the right man and well looked after he is apt to be a peril and a nuisance, and though Mr. Asquith told the House of Commons the other night that the position of the British Press in the war was dictated by the wishes of our French ally, we rather suspect that Lord Kitchener and his coadjutors at the War Office have not made much of a wail about it to General Joffre. The positions of Britain and France are wholly different. France lives in a military atmosphere all the year round; we do not. Recruits come to her automatically; we have to drum them up in the hour of need. If, therefore, Lord Kitchener and General Joffre between them sit on the news to such an extent that—but for the fact that all of us have now to go home in the dark, and that in consequence of X British troops have been dispatched to Y, and when last heard of were entrenched at Z, and doing quite as well to-day as they did yesterday when the position was about the same as the day before—hardly anybody would know his country is at war—they can hardly expect the youth of the land to roll up in their millions.

Eye (Witness) Doesn't See, but Hearts Grieve.

The official "Eye Witness" is well enough in his way, his way being to tell us all about the weather at least ten days after it has occurred, also to prattle about the scenery; but as a recruiting agent or a newsmonger this person isn't worth his salt. For all the interest anybody takes in him, he might as well be in winter quarters with Sir Ernest Shackleton somewhere amid the pack ice. If a horde of censors at this end of the wire and another horde at the other, to say nothing of a military patrol keeping an eye on the papers and the post, could not prevent a war correspondent giving away the secret dispositions of the forces when writing about the glories of the battle three days after it was all over, then the War Office could easily get some more assistance to enable it to stuff the gag further down his throat. Mr. Asquith now promises, or half promises, dispatches from the front giving the fullest recognition to the conduct of particular regiments. It is never too late to mend, but why is it that we have to slog so long at the obvious before it can be driven into the brain of the Government? As we know, Lord Roberts was so strongly in favour of allowing war correspondents at the front to communicate properly censored news to the public at home that he undertook to express his views to Sir John French. Whether he did so we know not. "Bobs" was, above all, a *practical* soldier, whose keen vision saw that a successful war could never be waged by a military autocracy issuing behests to be blindly obeyed.

A Little Brief Authority.

The obscurantism of the War Office has done more harm to recruiting than any properly and reasonably controlled service of news from the front could have done. In this country it is not often that militarism has a chance to display its power. Now that its chance has come, it has shown signs of a tendency to lose its head in its relations with the civil community; in fact to take rather more upon itself in schoolmastering the general public to its own notions of what the nation, paying the bill, has a right to know of the gallant deeds of its own brave children whose "*jour de gloire est arrivé.*" We ought to know more about them than that their names are, or presently will be, in some casualty list or other. They are entitled to the record of their glory and their valour. It is our duty, not less than our privilege and our pride, to see that they get it.

DWINDLING BOUNTY.

THE PRETTY WAYS OF THE WATER BOARD.

The advent of war has added another brilliant page to the annals of the Metropolitan Water Board. At the outset of the campaign many of their employees threw up their jobs to join the Colours, and it was widely believed that their dependents would receive generous consideration. A Walthamstow reader assures us that she "saw with her own eyes" in the newspapers that the Board would pay full wages to the wives of men joining the Army, and this impression was confirmed when, a week after her husband's enlistment, she received the full amount of his wages from the Board's district representative. Having formally acknowledged this generous and welcome boon, she was favoured with the following reply:

> I am much obliged for your letter of the 22nd instant, expressing your appreciation of the Board's generosity to such of their staff as have joined the Colours. I have forwarded the letter to the Chief Engineer for presentation to the Committee.

By this time it has perhaps been framed and hung in the Board Room, but in the meanwhile, a process of financial adjustment has dimmed the lustre of the "Board's generosity." Our informant writes:

> I had a little trouble in getting my money for the next two weeks. Then they wrote me from Savoy Court that I should receive 4s. 9d. per week and that I owed to the Board £1 1s. 3d. as money paid to me that was not due, meaning, of course, my first week's money which they had paid.

Unhappily, the waning "generosity" of Savoy Court had not yet "touched bottom," and at the beginning of October a further depletion of its bounty was announced. The Accountant wrote:

> Madam,
>
> Mobilisation.
>
> By reason of the coming into operation of the new Separation Allowances as from October 1st, 1914, the balance of weekly wages payable to you by the Board under their resolution of the 4th of August, 1914, is reduced to the figure of three pence per week. In view of the smallness of this amount, it is undesirable to remit the same weekly, and I therefore propose to forward you the sum of three shillings on or about the 25th December next, representing 12 weeks from 3rd October last, after which a quarterly payment of 3s. 3d. will be made in the last weeks of March, June, September, and December.—Yours faithfully,
>
> Arthur Newton.

So runs the epitaph of the "Board's generosity." Alas, for the frailty of mundane virtue!

A FIG FOR FIGUERAS.

FOREIGN MISSION APPEALS FOR FUNDS.

The Figueras Evangelistic Mission, Spain (Prov. Gerona), does not appear to us to have chosen the happiest moment to attempt to extract money from pious Britons. Their latest "Letter from Spain" lies before us, as well as a printed slip which states that "Since going to press we have heard from our Hon. Treas., General Battersby, that last month only £2 1s. has been received for the Mission, which, following on the summer months when very little usually comes in, is serious. The terrible war is, he thinks, the cause of this lack of funds. We trust that you will come to the aid of God's Work here in this time of pressing need."

We cannot pretend to much regret that during the month of August only £2 1s. was raised in Britain for a Spanish mission. We have no desire that whatever good work Figueras evangelists may be doing should be crippled, but welcome the sign that the charitable are conserving their gifts to patriotic funds and objects which have a prior claim upon their patriotism. In our opinion, to send money abroad at this moment, for the purpose of converting the adherents of one form of Christianity to another, when the distress at home, arising from a barbarous war inspired by a "religious" maniac, is increasing daily, would be little short of criminal. Let Figueras wait. Our immediate duty is to devote every possible penny to the assistance of the dependents of our brave defenders, and others reduced to dire want through the war.

Your womenfolk will be delighted with "Mary Bull." Take home a copy to-day.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

All honour to the brave Kinneir,
Whose ship, lest he should lose her,
He steered where other men might fear,
And dodged the German cruiser.

To lend their money for the war
The people are invited:
The way the stream begins to pour
Suggests that they're delighted.

War in fair weather's bad enough,
But when it's in a blizzard,
Our lads tho' toughest of the tough,
Must sometimes feel it *is* hard.

Though Turkey in her pride declares
The Russians she has beaten,
She'll find this time, despite her prayers,
She's destined to be eaten.

The fear that they may lose their screw
Sets some M.P.s a-shaking;
But that they should is now the view
The populace is taking.

Will watching games, however fine,
Keep Britain's flag a-flying?
No! Join the gallant fighting line,
Whose fame will be undying!

FEMININE FAVOUR TO OUR FOES.

SILLY PATRONAGE OF INTERNED PRISONERS.

If the ridiculous and fussy feminines who are devoting so much time and energy to teaching German prisoners interned at the alien camp in Douglas to knit and sew cannot find anything more patriotic and sensible to do, they had better try their hand at knitting and sewing for the comfort of British soldiers at the front or for the destitute Belgian women compelled to flee as refugees to England. If they properly realised the horrors of this war, if they followed even in imagination the track of blood and tears and flame and infamy of the German hordes in Belgium and France, if they remembered Louvain, Termonde, Malines, Roulers and some of the other towns and villages where women and children have not only been driven from their plundered homes but have been dragged to German sacrifices of lust and terror and savagery, they would be ashamed of their conduct. As Belgian women and French women have been served in the flaming areas of the war so assuredly would they, or some of them, be served in the event of a German invasion of the Isle of Man. It would avail them nothing to plead with the Kaiser's soldiers that they had taught their imprisoned countrymen to knit and sew. What they are doing is no work for British women; it is silly, senseless, sentimentalism which does their sex and nationality a wrong.

WHAT WOMAN GIVES.

In winter cold, the waiting groups
Watched for the passing of the troops,
And old men, halting in the rain,
Sighed that they were not young again.

The soldiers, stalwart, sternly proud,
Marched warwards through the cheering crowd,
For all the world knows it is right
To cheer the men who go to fight.

Those who were forced at home to stay
Pleaded, "God speed them on their way;
Grant the success for which they yearn,
And shield them safe till they return."

And then, the last man nobly gone,
The crowd remained, to chatter on;
A thoughtless man cried, chuckling then,
"Women, you're lost but for the men!

"When brave men go to fight for you,
What, in a war time, do you do?"
A woman said, her tears down raining,
"We yield our heart's blood, uncomplaining."

"Grief," sneered the man, "is what you give!"
She said, "All that for which we live
We sacrifice unto the guns—
We give all when we give our sons." R. M.

A wise precaution. Fill in our Zeppelin Insurance coupon now.

SHEAD'S SPOOF.

SHIPPING AGENT AND SHIFTY SHARK.

A recent issue of a technical journal contained the following advertisement:—

> Head Draughtsman Required for Canada, to take control of Drawing Office. Passage refunded after twelve months' service. Write details of last six years' career and salary expected.—Apply, etc.

A considerable number of correspondents tell us that they responded to this tempting announcement, and subsequently received a mechanically duplicated letter from Walter Shead, "Accountant and Auditor," late of 37, Queen Victoria Street, but now "removed to 31, Watling Street, E.C." It covered a form of application and stated that the salary attached to the post would be £28 per month, after a year's service the selected applicant receiving £25 to cover his second-class passage.

"Our clients," Shead added, "have made arrangements with their transport agents whereby the transport agent's European manager will issue the necessary ship and rail tickets at a saving to the appointed applicant of the usual agent's commission." Mr. Shead was not anxious that the applicants should call upon him—asking them to make their replies as full and plain as possible, a procedure which might render an interview unnecessary. "No references will be taken up unless we decide to engage you, in the event (*sic*) of their replies being satisfactory."

Every one of the draughtsmen who have communicated with us received a second letter, which started: "Our enquiries respecting your capabilities and general character having proved satisfactory, I do not think I need for (*sic*) further in my search for a capable Head Draughtsman for my clients"—whose name he purports to give. After setting out the terms of remuneration as in the previous letter and repeating the statement as to the clients' transport agents, Shead proceeded: "If you will therefore please communicate with Mr. A. Tyndall, 37, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C., he will get your berths and look after you and your baggage. A letter of introduction is being mailed him direct, so that he may act on your instructions."

"Thoughts, Idle Thoughts."

The applicants were then advised to secure passages at once: "You need only pay a deposit of, I think, 50s. when first booking berths; the balance any time up to date of sailing." This done, the rough ways would be made smooth, the new chums being treated like Sunday School children on an excursion. After all, the draughtsmen were not, we are glad to say, to be denied a sight of the benevolent countenance of Mr. Shead, as that worthy had—like the Rev. Mr. Spalding in "The Private Secretary"—a little personal baggage. They were not, however, to be burdened by goloshes and cough lozenges, Mr. Shead's impedimenta being "a small case of samples and a dispatch box," which he desired to send off in their care. Possibly he had taken over the business of returning to the States the luggage left on the Continent by American tourists at the outbreak of war, and therefore would be able to give every one of his correspondents something to look after.

The mere fact that so many people should have been tentatively engaged as "Head Draughtsman" for a single firm is, of course, in itself suspicious, especially as in at least one case the salary offered was nearly twice as much as had been asked. Enquirers at 37, Victoria Street, were barren of result, the housekeeper stating that nobody of the name of Shead had ever had an office there. At 31, Watling Street, however, we ascertained that he had occupied a room for a few weeks; it was, however, locked when our representative called, he being told that Mr. Shead was seldom there long after the delivery of the morning letters. Search was then made for the transport agent. Tyndall, it was found, took, on a three months agreement, an apartment at 37, Great James Street, paying 12s. 6d. a week, giving Shead as his reference, and entered into possession of his new domain on the day after Shead sent out his first circular letter recommending him as transport agent! He, too, only calls for letters—of which there have been a large number.

We hope none of our readers has sent the deposit to Tyndall or—what is even more serious—given notice to his present employers on the strength of the "engagement."

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

THOUGH IN WAR TIME, DON'T FORGET THE GENERAL POOR.

For some years past it has been our habit of appealing to the generosity of our readers to enable us during the Christmas season to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. This year, of course, there have been heavy demands upon the public in connection with the distress occasioned by the war; but we must not forget the large army of silent sufferers who, although not directly affected by the pressure of the present crisis, are nevertheless in sore distress, and to whom, without a helping hand, Christmas will be a period of anything but good cheer.

Our system has been to apply the gifts entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to obtain the food and fuel and to take them to their own homes—of course, much preferable to crowding them into public buildings in the old-fashioned way.

We also appeal for left-off clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas time into the homes of the poor.

Gifts of money will also be gratefully received. These should be forwarded direct to our Editorial Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre, but all parcels of goods should be forwarded to our Central Depot, 149, Mare Street, London, N.E.

All donations, whether in money or kind, will be duly acknowledged in this column.

THE RECRUIT.

I.

He was ragged—down at heel,
And he hadn't had a meal—
Or a wash I shouldn't think for quite a year!
But his step was firm and light
And his eyes were clear and bright,
Though he may have had a drop or two of beer.

II.

When I asked him to enlist,
He just shook his dirty fist,
And said: "Let me at them Germans, and I'll show
What a London lad can do!"
(He was only nineteen too,)
So I sent him in to pass the P.M.O.

III.

And he passed, too, right enough—
He was just as hard and tough
As a "pug" who'd been in training for a fight!
He was rough-haired and square-jawed,
As he said: "So 'elp me Gawd,"
With the Bible in his hand, last Friday night.

IV.

He was marched off yesterday
With his four and threepence pay,
And a half-smoked "Woodbine" stuck behind his ear;
Stepping out too, square and proud,
While an apathetic crowd
Of wasters tried to raise a feeble cheer.

V.

But he didn't know or care
Who these bally blighters were—
He was going to be in The Firing Line.
With his face hard-drawn and set
He re-lit his cigarette—
While the other chaps were singing "Auld Lang Syne."

VI.

He has gone, as oft before
Men have gone away to war,
With only one great purpose in his mind:
To go abroad and fight
For his King, with all his might,
And to shame the Wasters who have stayed behind.

"Apostrophe."

The "John Bull" pen coupon is on page ii. of cover.

A BIRKENHEAD POOH-BAH.

ONE OFFICIAL, FOUR SALARIES.

In politics One Man, One Vote; in war One Dog, One Bone; in economics One Man, One Job; in domestics One Woman, One Perambulator, and in Birkenhead One Official, Four Salaries—which is the cause of the rumpus. The Pooh-Bah in the case is Mr. S. R. Carter, and as this gentleman is already Clerk to the Guardians, and the Assessment Committee, as well as Returning Officer, ten Guardians revolted because the rest of their colleagues insisted on appointing him Superintendent Registrar, in which case he might draw £1,400 a year, there or thereabouts, with hopes of a rise in the sweet bye-and-bye. Being an alleged business concern, the Local Government Board naturally refuses to permit the resignations of the ten Guardians. That four distinct and separate salaries should be thrust upon this Mr. Carter when it is obvious he must employ somebody else to do part of the work if it is to be done at all, is one of those examples of bene..cence at the public expense which unhappily are only too common among Poor Law Guardians and other Local Authorities. In this case the Guardians declined even to go through the formality of advertising for candidates for the Registrarship. Evidently there is an incomparable magnetism or an incomparable genius about Carter which has only to be known to be appreciated. Sir Boyle Roche's bird had the faculty of being in two places at once. On the other hand, we recall a famous Greek who used to argue that there was no such thing as motion, for, said he, nothing can be in different places at any given point of time; it must be either here or there, and if it is either here or there it cannot be anywhere else. *Tout au contraire*, the Birkenhead Guardians wish us to believe that Mr. Carter has developed the qualities of mobility to such a degree that he can be in four places at once and earn a handsome salary in each one of them; what we submit is that they not only know nothing whatever about physics but that presumably they don't want to know. We do not know when these gentlemen come out for re-election but, when they do, we suggest to the ratepayers of Birkenhead that they shall remain out.

CANCELLED CRUISES.

THE PLIGHT OF THE "POLYTECHNIC TOURISTS."

In a recent issue we noticed the case of an abandoned cruise in the s.s. *Viking*, arranged by the Polytechnic Touring Association, a correspondent having, despite repeated applications, failed to obtain a refund of his passage money. The matter was complicated by the claim of the *Viking* Company that the Polytechnic Association were merely their agents. Upon this point, we have since been in correspondence with the Secretary of the Association, who assures us that it was the wish and intention of his directors to refund all deposits in respect of abandoned cruises, but that they were prevented from adopting this straightforward course by the attitude of the *Viking* Company, who insisted upon their "right" to receive the cash. Rather than risk legal proceedings, the Polytechnic Association paid over the money, thus casting the responsibility on to the shoulders of their "principals."

The case of the *Viking* Company is upon a rather different footing. They state that upon the definite legal point whether deposit claimants have rights which are distinct from those of ordinary creditors they have taken "counsel's opinion"—which, however, they have not yet seen fit to publish. Instead, claimants are invited to rely upon a purely *ex parte* statement recently issued by the secretary of the concern, to the effect that "these moneys became part of the general funds of the company, and any preferential repayment of the fares paid for cancelled cruises would, in his view, not be legal"—an opinion which is said to have been confirmed by an eminent K.C. Upon the strength of this "eminent" but anonymous authority, the circular goes on to propose a scheme of liquidation ensuring a dividend of 6s. in the £. Events move swiftly. In a second letter, dated November 16th, the company announce, that "of the replies received a large majority have expressed themselves in favour of the scheme therein suggested," and they therefore propose to convene a meeting of "all the creditors" at an early date. It is to be hoped that deposit claimants will attend in force, lose no opportunity of pressing their distinctive rights, and call for the production of the legal "opinion."

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

Our Free Insurance (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S) against Injury to Home, Limb and Life.

Our scheme for insurance against the Zeppelin Peril has been most enthusiastically received by our readers, in view of the fact that the ordinary fire, life and accident policies of the various insurance offices afford no protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war.

The arrangements which we have made provide, *free of any cost*, protection not only in regard to life and limb *but also against damage to the home.* There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. *All you have to do is to carry with you the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover—after signing it, with name and address*—and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in and upon you. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, December 2nd, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, December 3rd—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that JOHN BULL is published in the London District on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.

To every person injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who, before the time of injury, had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named:—

As regards persons of 16 years of age and upwards.

In the event of death within 30 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
**In the event of direct damage to Home or Contents up to.. .. ..

THE KAISER CERTIFIED INSANE.

A DIAGNOSIS OF HIS BRAIN—HIS DISEASE EXPLAINED.

By A Well-Known Physician.

[*Professional etiquette necessitates this article being published anonymously, but were the name of its author appended, it would be recognised as that of a mental expert of the highest repute.*]

A great deal has been written recently concerning the key to the conduct of the German Kaiser. Some of the hypotheses suggested are as ingenious as they are wide of the mark, others more superficial and feasible; but as yet nobody, so far as I am aware, has published the truth of the matter.

In this article it is proposed to examine the main traits in this apparently complex and unlovely character from a scientific point of view, and to endeavour to find some common basis to account for them all.

In our list of traits, first and foremost must be placed an overweening self-esteem. There is no need to labour this feature; it is sufficiently apparent to all.

Next, I think, must be set down a marked external religiosity (if such a term may be pardoned). A glance at the Kaiser's frequent speeches will reveal the invariable presence of the name of God, mentioned as a sort of elder brother of the speaker's.

Thirdly, of course, is a mighty ambition, the pursuit of which is characterised by complete ruthlessness.

As this article is an attempt at an unprejudiced analysis, we must give our subject his due. The Kaiser is a strong man; he has an active, reflective mind, and a will persistent beyond the point of obstinacy.

Nov. 23rd, 1914.

This is to Certify *that Wilhelm von Hohenzollern is a person of unsound mind and is suffering from paranoia, and it is expedient for the Public Safety that the said Wilhelm von Hohenzollern should be forthwith placed under care and treatment.*

(Signed) ————, *M.D.*

Urgency Order for the Reception of the Kaiser as a Lunatic.

Finally, recent events have proved, or rather confirmed, his possession of marked weakness of judgment. The origins and conduct of the war have conclusively demonstrated his estimation of men and politics to be gravely at fault.

Had such features suddenly developed in the man's character, one might be tempted to conclude erroneously that some form of mental disease had seized him—*e.g.*, General Paralysis of the *Insane*, or Mania. But all these traits have been manifest in him in lesser degree from his youngest days. They have merely grown, deepened, and become more blatant with the passage of time. It is apparent, therefore, that their present excess is simply the result of the natural development of his personality; that is to say, that the germ of all these abnormalities is inherent in his being. It will also be perceived that, though the man was growing gradually more abnormal in his outlook upon life as he grew older, it was not until he reached middle age that his views brought him *into conflict with his environment.*

Is there any solution that will elucidate and cover these indisputable but contradictory characteristics?

Here are the words of a great Italian psychologist (written, be it understood, in a text-book published some years ago) relating to a certain named class of abnormal persons:—

> . . . a very rare constitutional anomaly which remains latent for many years and manifests itself in a partial but most persistent delusion which is only the slow and permanent triumph of a preconception. . . . The delusion . . . is plausible, unyielding, and nourished by a robust, perverted, irreversible logic.

I think it will be admitted that this description exactly embraces several points in our indictment of the Kaiser. His delusion is only too manifest, namely, that he is the chosen instrument of God for the betterment of the world through the spread of German views, methods and culture. It is plausible, unyielding and nourished by a robust but perverted logic. As to the preconception from which it has slowly developed (note the latency of the *delusion* for many years), listen:

> . . . From vanity which is idealised egotism spring ambitious delusions.

Again:

> Among ambitious cases . . . sometimes can be discovered one who hears the voice of God or is subject to heavenly visions.
>
> Their power of reflection, self-esteem and dignity are never diminished. . . . The delusion is therefore not the common expression of a morbid disturbance, but a product of a monstrosity of the intellect which exists first in germ and inevitably matures in the full vigour of health and age . . . not by revolution but by evolution.
>
> The religious delusion is only a variety of the ambitions. . . . Those who become delusional in the matter of religion are always at the top and never at the bottom of the sacerdotal hierarchy. They are prophets, saints, and mediators between God and man. . .

The reader cannot fail to agree that these extracts might have been written expressly of the Kaiser.

Only two traits in his character remain to be illustrated, viz., ruthlessness and persistence, and for these I will quote from an eminent compatriot of his own:—

> All objections that one raises to these ideas [the delusions] are received in a superior, incredulous manner, and glance off from his steadfast conviction without leaving the slightest impression.

One more quotation *re* our professor's case:—

> After six years the patient is still waging war.

Let us see to it that the Kaiser does not enjoy such absurd freedom. Indeed, the vast majority of the humbler subjects of this anomaly, known to alienists as Paranoia, end their days in a lunatic asylum, not because they are the subjects of mental disease (for such is not the case), but because they are a curse to their neighbours, who are too humane to kill them out of hand. One last remark—the border line between Paranoia and constitutional criminality is exceedingly ill-defined. Both are manifestations of degeneracy and merge into each other.

Great new Football Contest this week. £1,000 to be won. See page 27.

PITHY PARS FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.

Paying for the War.

Mr. Lloyd George has introduced the greatest War Budget in English history. His total estimates for the year amount to the gigantic sum of £535,367,000. That money has got to be found. And it will be found—easily—because the brains of Britain have made her the richest country in the world.

Doubling the Income Tax.

Please don't be sorry for the income tax payer who has to pay a double income tax. After all the income tax payer is a very lucky man, and the super-tax payer is luckier still. He is lucky because he has a big income to be taxed. Not that he owes his big income to "luck." Not a bit of it. He owes it to sheer capacity. He shows what a man can do who makes his mind the efficient instrument of his will.

Scientific Brain-Building.

What a mistake it is to suppose that successful people are born, not made. There is no Predestination in Business or in any other occupation. People are not born with their minds keyed up, as it were, to the highest possible pitch of efficiency. If you want to succeed you must train yourself to succeed, and the way to do this is to train your mind to be efficient.

200,000 Benefited.

It should be more generally known that the powers of the mind can be developed just as the powers of the muscles, by practising certain definite rules of training. Yet it is so, as over 200,000 men and women have found out for themselves to their great profit and advantage. You can read what some of these men and women say in a series of most interesting letters printed in a valuable book just published. JOHN BULL readers should write to the address below for a copy of this book. It will be sent to them gratis and post free.

The Muscles of the Mind.

This book shows how such valuable qualities as Concentration, Organising Ability, Personal Magnetism, Determination, Forcefulness, Directive Ability, Initiative Memory, Decisiveness, Persuasiveness, Salesmanship, Self-Confidence, Idealism, Originality, Convincing Speech are, in reality, mental muscles that can be strengthened, developed and trained by scientific methods, just as can your biceps, or your triceps, or other muscles of your body. Everyone possesses these qualities in some stage of development. Even the unfortunate victim to Mind-Wandering, Indecision, Forgetfulness, Mental Flurry, Lack of Ideas, Will-Weakness, Hesitation, Lack of Self-Confidence, Nervousness and "Tongue-Tiedness," possesses in an undeveloped and embryonic form, the mental muscles of Greatness.

Multiplying Money-Making Powers.

Here is good news for every reader who is "kept back" by his Indecision, Lack of Organising Ability and Pushfulness, Mind-Wandering, and other negative qualities, such as are above enumerated. This book (a copy of which you can have gratis and post free) shows you how you can quickly overcome these weaknesses and develop in their stead those qualities that make successful men and women, those qualities that will double and treble your money-making powers.

The Qualities of Success.

You know the qualities that make a successful manager of a business. This book shows you how to develop these very qualities and become a successful manager of a business yourself.

You know the qualities that make a splendid organiser and leader of men—the kind of man that every business house in the country is looking out for and is ready to pay "big money" to. This book shows you how to develop these qualities and thereby increase your money value to any man, to any business, to your own firm or to another's.

You know the qualities that mark the man who is always brainful of ideas—who can hardly walk down the street without observing something that gives him a valuable notion—and who can sell his ideas for large sums in *cash*. This book shows you how to develop this invaluable ideative faculty—a faculty which will soon prove its practical value to you by the increasing figures in your bank book.

Do You Want—?

Do you want to develop a magnificent never-forgetting memory?

Do you want to develop the power of persuading others to your way of thinking?

Do you want to become a brilliant salesman?

Do you want to become a splendid public speaker?

Do you want to learn foreign languages in from one-third to one-fourth the usual time?

Do you want to become a successful advocate or politician?

Do you want to become a manager, director organiser, and successful business man?

Do you want to become the head of a business of your own or to extend the business you already have?

Do you want to develop a Forceful, Magnetic Personality?

Do you want to develop that Determination, that Concentration of Purpose, that Undivided Aim, that Over-mastering Energy and Strength of Will that will carry you straight to power and prosperity?

Do you want to earn much more money than you are earning now, to become rich and to possess all those good things of life that the possession of money brings to you, to secure everything that you wish for?

War Gift to Our Readers.

Then write for and read this book. It will be posted to you by return—Free. It tells you how by a simple and pleasant-to-follow method—which takes up very little time—which you can practise in your own home for a few minutes daily or weekly, or during odd moments during the day, you can immeasurably increase your mental capacity, conquer all mental weaknesses, develop the strong positive qualities that "get you on" and double, treble or even multiply still more the money-earning power of your mind, and with it you will be sent particulars of a great War gift in which you are entitled to share.

What a Post-card will Bring You.

It is a fine War Gift, too. The Pelman School is patriotically abandoning its well-deserved profits during the War. It wants to help every Briton to increase his or her mental efficiency and power. It therefore presents a gift worth 4 guineas to every reader wishing to practise mental training during War-time. This book gives you full particulars of this never-before-heard-of opportunity. Drop a post-card to-day, with your name and address, to the Pelman School of the Mind, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. (or call personally), and by return a copy of this book, which every JOHN BULL reader who wants to make Big Money must read, will be forwarded to you by return—gratis and post free. [ADVT.

Four-Guinea Offer to Readers of this Page.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—You are unquestionably right in your assumption that the nation will ungrudgingly contribute towards the cost of the war, and I congratulate you upon the production of a bold Budget, without irritating delay. Of course, the whole thing is wretchedly devoid of originality, but I will not labour criticism which might be construed as a breach of the political truce. With regard to the halfpenny on beer, I only hope the Licensing Authorities will allow public-houses and restaurants to remain open long enough for the people to contribute their fair quota, and thus realise your rosy expectations as to the yield of the tax. Meanwhile, I am glad to note that the publicans are to get some consideration in respect of the curtailment of their business. By-the-way, don't let posterity off too lightly. It is high time they lent us a hand. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR MR. LAW,—I am never happier than when one of my pet ideas is silently appropriated for the public advantage, and, in the matter of pensions for disabled soldiers and sailors, I am delighted to find you wondering whether it might not be possible to establish a scheme analogous to the Workmen's Compensation Act. I hasten to intercept the letter of acknowledgment that you may at this moment be penning, and to assure you that there is no sort of copyright in the notion, which is freely at the disposal of the Legislature. Obviously some such plan will apply equally well in the matter of allowances to widows, and I hope soon to learn that you and your colleagues have hammered out a workable scheme. If you want a further hint or two, pray don t be shy. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C., M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.

DEAR DREAMER,—I am told that you are "considering" the advisability of active proceedings against certain Irish newspapers whose traitorous activities I have repeatedly exposed, but it does not yet appear that you have resolved upon de..nite action. I warn you that, while you delay, the infection is spreading, and already I hear of seditious gatherings, at which the loyalty of patriotic Irishmen is openly derided by men who frankly express their sympathy with German aims. You can hardly plead ignorance of events which are happening within a stone s throw of your official chair, and I adjure you in the name of our common citizenship to be up and doing. I am advised that you have ample authority to deal with this growing evil, and I promise you that, should serious consequences result from your inaction, you will not be held guiltless by an angry nation. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. H. W. Hind, T. Davies and A. Ashby, Justices of the Peace, Birkenhead.

GENTLEMEN,—Your treatment of the case of the motor-cyclist before you recently leaves something to be desired. He was a dispatch rider of the 3rd Cheshires, held up in the execution of his duty by a Bilston policeman and summoned for riding without a licence. I am not blaming you for first of all offering to let him off on payment of a shilling costs, and on his refusal to pay mulcting him 1s. or three days, but I do agree with him that if he has to have a licence the British Empire ought to pay for it. Do you mind telling me what happens when that Bilston policeman sees a Territorial guarding the railway line or the gas-works? Does he summon the scoundrel for carrying a gun without a licence, and do you mulct him 1s. or three days for failing to show the same when requested so to do? I don't believe that this country will ever be taken by force of arms, but one of these foggy mornings it will certainly strangle itself with red tape. There must be about ten million more hanks of that commodity used in Britain per annum than anywhere else under the sun. No wonder we are a sturdy race and nothing us dismays. JOHN BULL.

To Edward Alan Lile, aged 10, Beverley, Yorks.

MY DEAR TEDDY,—I'm rather sorry for you, that I am, though the Chief Constable gave you a shocking bad character in the Children's Court, when you were charged with stealing newspaper parcels, and I fear you have done your little best to earn it. Still, I do think he was rather hard on you; for, granting that you are as black as you are painted, I cannot see how you can ever have had even half a chance. To be, in the Chief Constable s thundering indictment, the "leader of a gang of young pilferers" at ten years of age, and "one of the worst boys he has ever had to deal with," seems to indicate that something has been lacking at home, sonny; in your mother, for instance—sent to prison for sharing the profits of your ingenious depredations—and in your stepfather, "the laziest man in Beverley." I understand that, on being remanded on a previous occasion to the care of your grandmother, who locked you in a bedroom *sans* clothes, you vanished through the window, attired in father s trousers, and spent one crowded hour of glorious life at the fair. The Chief Constable wanted to pack you off to the Reformatory School, which is a kind of prison for the very wickedest boys, sonny; but the magistrates were kinder and more thoughtful, for they ordered you six of the birch with instructions that the half-dozen should be of the best. By this time, therefore, you have been made to sit up, though you may not yet be able to sit down. Yet it might have all been so different if you d had a real chance. I wonder whether you can pause in your wild career before old age begins to creep on you? I wonder whether there is anybody who could or would take you by the hand and try to love you and teach you better things? I perceive a lot of talent in you, even if it is twisted all the wrong way. There ought to be a home for little chaps like you, away from the place where you live—a sort of factory of loving kindness where you could get a clean heart and the kinks in your wild and wayward little brain ironed out. Perhaps there is. I must make inquiries. JOHN BULL.

To John Hinds, Esq., M.P., Chairman, Drapers' Chamber of Trade, London.

DEAR MR. HINDS,—Somewhere in the national archives of music there is a song about a man who excused himself to his wife for not going home till morning by saying that, though there was no place like home he dared not go there in the dark. It is not for me to say whether fear of the dark influenced any of the members of the Drapers Chamber of Trade in their discussion on the lights of London the other night; in any case, what they decided to do at the end of it was to request you to "make inquiries" and, if you think it desirable, "to form a deputation to wait on the officer responsible to the Admiralty." Perhaps the most business-like note of the proceedings was sounded by the member who, on complaint being made that drapers were badly hit by the extinguishers, said they would be hit a lot harder if a Zeppelin bomb dropped on 'em. You have your own doubts about the value of the regulations, I gather, for you said that "if we had a visitation from Zeppelins the enemy had the necessary knowledge." That is probable; and I daresay the real value of "Lights Out" is to keep the glow of London out of the sky and thus enable the searchlights to obtain the maximum of advantage. On the whole, I really think we are on the safe and sensible side, the inconvenience of falling over ourselves notwithstanding. This time next year we shall again see oursels as ithers see us; till then we must sit—in the dark—and suffer. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Victor Horsley, 25, Cavendish Square, London, W.

DEAR SIR VICTOR,—I am glad to read in the Memorandum issued by the War Office, your report on the allegations of the German Lie Factory that the British troops at the front are being served with dum-dum bullets. Nobody in this country, or perhaps in any other except Germany, could credit such an accusation of inhumanity against British troops; and your expert knowledge as a surgeon of European reputation should damn the lie for ever. You are able to say, from a long series of experiments and researches, that the British service rifle, as well as the revolver, bullets not only comply with the provisions of the Hague Convention, but are probably the most humane projectiles yet devised. JOHN BULL.

A 10/6 Fountain pen for 1/6. See the "John Bull" pen coupon on page ii. of cover.

THE SPY'S SANCTUARY.

"THEY CAN'T TOUCH ME NOW."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind, but wherever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from £1 to £5, according to the circumstances of each case.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week :—

Wife of Naval Reservist serving with Colours has two children. Not heard from him since called up, and pay she had been receiving from Government Funds stopped. Suffers from rheumatism, and cannot do much work. We rendered her a little assistance, and are trying to put her in way of receiving pay due to her. She, and others on her behalf, have written to Admiralty—without effect.

Wife of man in Army Service Corps, with six little children, at present practically destitute; although husband enlisted beginning September, she has not yet received a penny of separation allowance.

Widow has her son in Kitchener's new army, but since he joined he had misfortune to lose his wife. His two children—eldest five years old—have been left in care of their grandmother. Youngsters very badly off for boots and clothes; and, whilst we have given them little help to tide them over for time being, mother will be very grateful to readers who will send them boots or clothes.

Man joined the new army seven weeks ago, and whilst —to use his own phrase —"lying on bare floors" was taken suddenly ill with a severe throat complaint. Owing to this, he was discharged as medically unfit. For two weeks his wife (with five children to support) was assisted by S.S.F.A.—food tickets to the extent of 9s. 7d. and 8s. 6d. respectively—but when told about discharge Association could not render more help. Prince of Wales' Fund also refused assistance. Before joining, man sold all his clothes, thinking he would not need them. The little family now practically starving. Both man and wife staunch teetotalers, and thoroughly respectable—latter qualified school teacher. If she had suitable clothes might obtain temporary employment as teacher.

Fish porter, married man, enlisted when baby month old. Fortnight later troop horse lashed out, knocking him against partition. Sustained slight concussion of brain, which resulted, on September 14th, in his becoming blind. Partially recovered, but one eye irretrievably lost. Discharged army October 19th; unable to get 10s. weekly allowance under State Insurance, as although 4d. weekly knocked off pay for stamps they had never been affixed to card—this official negligence depriving him entire benefit until end next year. About £3 10s. owing by Government for back pay and discharge money, but repeated applications fruitless, nor can he get farthing of shilling a day pension. Rent four weeks in arrears, everything pawned, wife suffering severe fits, no food for twenty-four hours when called see us; gave poor fellow £2 set himself up as flower-seller.

Another widow has lost her son by the sinking of the *Monmouth*. His last letter to her is interesting :—

> We are sailing round the coast here looking for German cruisers, and we have not found any yet. There are four ships here, *Good Hope*, *Glasgow*, *Ortranto* and our own ship. We get very little food on this ship, and everything is very dear in the canteen. I have not tasted butter since I come here, as it is 3s. 9d. per pound I had to pay sixpence for this notepaper and envelopes.

Poor people bereaved by such a catastrophe must be properly provided for by the State, and it is a shame that it should be necessary for a private fund such as ours to supply official deficiencies.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the following donations from readers :—

"Arthur," 3s.; E. N., 2s. 6d.; A. G. S., 10s.; Mrs. G. W. and Mrs. D., 3s. 6d.; H. J. K., £1 1s.; M. J. R., 1s.; H. C., 3s.; J. McC., 5s.; J. B. S., 2s.; Renee R. (Paris), 5s.; L. O., 6d.; J. S. (Dewsbury), 1s.; "School," 1s.; V. A. S. (Weston-super-Mare), 1s. 6d.; "Sundry Orders," 5s.; "Hummer" 2s. 6d.; J. L., 5 dollars; H. F., 1s. 6d.; A. M., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; F. B., 5s.; "Dolphin," 2s.; Mrs. L. N., 2s. 6d.; "One of the Tommies" (Southport), 1s. 6d.; A. S., £2; J. McD. (Oban), 2s.; W. G., 10s.; "Lamorna," 2s.; "Fid Def," 2s. 6d.; A. C. R., 1s.; "An Admirer." 1s.; "Nemo," 2s. 6d.; "Badger" (Newport), 1s.; "Two who Hope," 7s. 6d.; H. R. D., 1s.; V. J. F., 1s.; A. F. R., 2s. 6d.; G. T. R., 2s. 6d.; "Joe," 2s. 6d.; F. G. C., £1; I. H., 6d.; N. E. T., £1 1s.; A. W. C., 6d.; W. H. T., 6d.; J. H. B., 6d.; Mrs. B. (Wells), 6d.; "Extra," 6d.; Mrs. E. B., 6d.; Q. F., 2s.; A. H. B., 1s. 6d.; A. L. J., 1s.; H_2SO_4, 5s.; K. Y. L., 5s.; D. A. (Newcastle), 3s.; M. D., (Bolton), 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; M. W., 1s.; G. J., 2s.; "Working Widow," 1s.; L. B., 1s.; "Topsy," 1s.; E. S. A., £1; T. B. C., £1 1s.; W. H. M., 1s.; H. V. G., 4s.; F. V. E. W (Hull), 6d.; "Iyo," 2s. 6d.; "Pat," 5s.; E. S. W., £2 2s.;

Mr. S. H. Symth, the prize-winner in our 109th "Bullet" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "and Co."

COLLECTING BOXES.

LONDON.—Mr. B. Lovett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, £1 14s.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 23, Leman Street, 2s.; Mr. H. Lee, "Copenhagen," 184, Salmon's Lane, Limehouse, 1s. 6d.; Mr. E. C. Gilforth, "King's Arms," 337, Cable Street, Stepney, 2s. 5d.; Mr. H. Arnold, "City of Canton," Upper North Street, Poplar, 1s.; Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, 8s. 2½d.; Sister Ekins, Brook Hospital, Shooter's Hill, 4s. 10d.; Mr. G. Henwood, 61, Goodge Street, 1s. 1d.; Mr. H. Lane, "African Tavern," Poplar, E., 1s. 6d.; Mr. A. E. Heath, "The Atlas," 16, Seagrave Road, Fulham, 1s. 3d.; Mr. E. E. Gilbert, 176, Upper Richmond Road, 1s. 2d.; Mr. L. J. Brown, "Sadler's," Swallow Street, 1s. 1d.; Mr. W. J. Gowing, "White Lion," Central Street, St. Luke's 1s. 3½d.; Mr. Albin Pink, "The Bird," High Street, Shoreditch, 2s. 8d.; Mr. W. H. Partridge, 189, Franciscan Road, Upper Tooting, 1s.; Mr. H. Briggs, 59, Newington Green, Mildmay Park, 1s. 6d.; Mr. H. Parr, "Coach and Horses," Matthias Road, 18s. 6d.; Mr. W. Blenzberg, "Prince of Wales," Lea Bridge Road, 6s. 6d.; Mr. C. E. Marshall, "The Sultan's Head," Rossington Street, Upper Clapton, 9s. 6d.; Mr. G. J. Bletsoe, 33, Canonbury Road, N., 1s. 4d.; Mr. T. R. Morton, "Duke of Edinburgh," Crichton Street, Wandsworth Road, 1s. 10½d.; Messrs. S. Cohen, High Street, Kensington, 3s. 5d.; Messrs. Harris and Co., 10, Marble Arch, 1s. 3d.; Mr. W. H. Ampleford, "Adam and Eve," Kensington, 1s.; Messrs. Collinson and Osgood, "Mason's Arms," Harrow Road, 1s. 1½d.; Mr. W. M. Pantaney, "The Alma," 175, Westbourne Grove, 1s.; Mr. E. White, "The Clarendon," Clarendon Road, Holland Park, 1s. 7d.; Mr. A. W. Hemmings, c.o. Messrs. Armstrong and Co., 17, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W., 2s. 4d.; Mr. E. S. Partridge, 209, Portnall Road, Paddington, 1s 6½d.; Mr. C. Sanders, "The Crown," 54, Curtain Road, 1s.; Mr. H. Selinger, 51, Milton Street, 1s. 6d.; Mr. A. H. Adams, "Black Horse," 47, Barbican, 2s. 1d.; The Manager, Charing Cross Hotel, 3s. 10d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., Strand, 2s. 6d.; Mr. R. Ryan, Duke of Cambridge, Palace Street, 4s. 4½d.; Mr. A. C. Trent, 3, Highgate Hill, 7s.; Mr. A. E. Last, 251, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, 1s. 8d.; Mr. A. Stribling, 33, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, 1s. 6½d.; Mr. B. Barney, 195, Kentish Town Road, 3s. 8½d.; Mr. P. Goodman, 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. L. Williams, 58, Nimrod Road, Streatham, 2s. 1½d.; Mrs. Lyon, "King's Arms," 90, Old Kent Road, 1s. 4d.; Mr. M. Pollock, "Carpenters' Arms," Newington Butts, 1s. 3½d.; Mr. C. H. Elliston, "King's Arms," Moreland Street, City Road, 1s. 4d.

There is, we are pleased to say, much unobtrusive patriotism, which bangs no collecting-boxes and gets no long paragraphs in the Press. For instance, at the Devon Nook Nursing Home, Duke's Avenue, Chiswick, 26 wounded soldiers are being restored to health, preparatory to returning to the front. Twenty-one of them are heroic Belgians, and the rest are our own equally brave men. The institution enjoys no grant from the Government, although it is worked under War Office supervision; consequently, notwithstanding that local residents have generously aided the matron in her effort, and the doctors in the neighbourhood have given their services entirely free, the provision of food and surgical appliances causes much anxiety to the little band who have taken upon their shoulders so great a responsibility. We have, therefore, had much pleasure in making a grant of £5 from our War Sufferers' Fund, and recommend the institution to our readers for their direct support.

Ready December 11th. "John Bull" Xmas Number, 2d. Look out for it.

Is the truth unfair?

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

WE are satisfied that the British Public will agree that we have performed a public duty by our exposure of the fact that L. & C. Hardtmuth, Ltd. (a company in which over 99% of the shares are held by Alien Enemies), were accumulating profits from the sale of the *American* Waterman Fountain Pens.

L. & C. Hardtmuth, Ltd., have not denied a single statement we made, but as a result, we are informed that the existing contract has now been cancelled, and the agency taken over by one who describes himself as "largely interested in L. & C. Hardtmuth, Ltd."

If this new arrangement will successfully prevent the accumulation of profits going to alien enemies at the end of the War then the first object of our campaign has been attained.

Our second object—to secure for British interests, and for British labour, that place to which the patriotic feeling of the country rightly entitles it—has also been achieved, if we may judge by the immediate sales of Onoto Pens, and the unprecedented volume of correspondence we have received applauding our action and promising whole-hearted support.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO. LTD.

BERRY'S BRAZEN BANKRUPTCY.

"SLIPPERY SLADE'S" CALLOUS CONFESSIONS.

In the course of the public examination by the Official Receiver of Samuel Berry and George Henry Knight Gill, *alias* "Samuel George and Co.," "Alhambra Warehouse Co.," "S. G. Slade and Co.," "S. G. Watson and Co.," and "Mills Warehouse Co."—all of which businesses were carried on from Teakwood Buildings, Otley Road, with a side entrance in Pree Street, Bradford—some startling admissions were made, justifying up to the hilt the ceaseless warnings we have published against these people, and the efforts we have made to induce the Bradford Police to put a stop to their nefarious practices. The man Berry admitted that the various "firms'" advertisements were worded evasively as to whether the goods would be sent immediately or when the whole of the instalments had been paid; and that people who sent deposits thought they would get the goods on payment of 2s. To all who sent 2s. in expectation of receiving one of the bales, a letter was sent inviting them to pay the balance, and offering them a bonus. They were told, also, that the goods would be reserved for them; but this, on Berry's own admission, never had been done.

It was disclosed that nearly 1,800 customers who had paid the deposit of 2s., and 1,000 who had paid the full amount of £1, *had not received a single article in exchange for their money!* It also transpired that during the last four years the Bradford Police had received 1,207 complaints regarding the bankrupts' shameless methods of business. This being so, we think the Bradford Police might have found some way of putting a stop to it long before this. Instead of which, the predatory pair, having run up liabilities amounting to £2,327 11s., come to the Bankruptcy Court in their own time, to suit their own convenience, with assets estimated to produce £137 17s. 2d., roughly 1s. 2d. in the pound! Meantime, the debtor Gill had been drawing £5 per week as his share of the loot, had spent £120 odd on furniture, including a billiard table, and had bought a £70 motor-car, which had cost £33 for repairs! All this time hundreds of poor people, who had impoverished themselves still further to send their 2s. deposit, and nearly as many slightly better off who had managed to scrape together and send £1, were waiting in vain for their "splendid bale of blankets" or other drapery goods which were destined never to arrive. We are not surprised that the Official Receiver asked for an adjournment until the 16th December, so that he might make *further inquiries*. We shall be firmly convinced that there is something radically wrong with the law if these bankruptcy proceedings are not followed by a criminal prosecution for obtaining money by false and fraudulent pretences.

MISCHIEVOUS MISNOMERS.

ANOTHER NATIONAL PENNY BANK SCANDAL?

The report of the Official Receiver on the failure of the Plymouth Naval Bank, points—so far as it goes—to another scandal which demands searching investigation. In the same way as the National Penny Bank was neither national in its constitution nor a "bank" in the ordinary acceptance of the term, so this Naval Bank had nothing to do with the Navy.

With the exception of 1901, it incurred losses for every year since 1898, the largest being over £18,000 in 1913. It continued to trade in spite of these facts, and we trust that the public examination of the proprietors may be conducted in a thorough manner.

As in the case of the National Penny Bank—and as has been shown in many previous instances—the term "bank" was being misused in a manner that calls for prompt legislative interference, as does the descriptive portion of the title assumed by this class of financial institution. "National" conveys the idea that the Government is at the back of a business, "Royal" suggests the same thing; whilst "Naval" or "Military" have their own special significance. Surely, it is not too much to insist upon some kind of restriction being placed on the promoters of financial institutions, preventing, first, the misuse of the term "bank," and, secondly, the additional misdescription in the title of its sphere of activity or constitution? A Business Government would have seen to this long ago.

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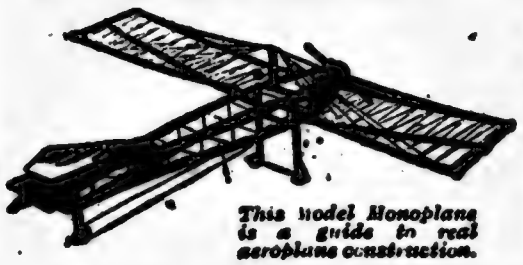

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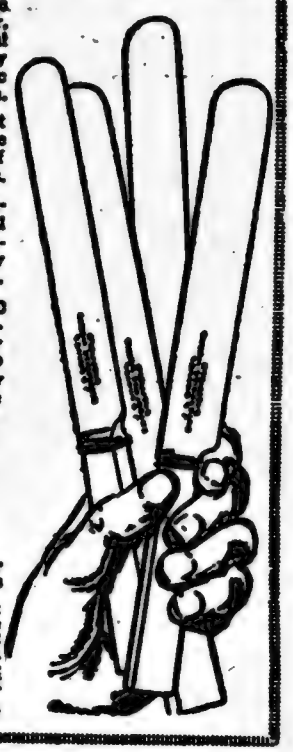

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Among the many object lessons of the War is the overwhelming power of numbers. We speak of the "Russian Steamroller" for instance, meaning, of course, millions of men. General French calls for more men as he realises the importance of numbers. Strangely enough this valuable dictum can be applied to a simple domestic subject—food. Every mouthful of food eaten creates in the system large numbers of harmful germs, which mass themselves together like huge armies and make war on one's health. This is inevitable! To bring an overwhelming force of healthy germs or cultures to attack the harmful ones, you should make a point of eating St. Ivel Lactic Cheese every day. The special cultures (Bacillus Bulgaricus) contained in this cheese (millions to a square inch) attack and exterminate them as nothing else can. Ask your doctor, he will say there is nothing so good, and there is no cheese so delicious as St. Ivel. Sold in packets at 6½d. each by grocers and dairymen.

3/-

The Razor you should use is the Seltriage 'PERMEDGE.' This superior razor is carefully made of the finest Sheffield Silver Steel. We are so confident of the merits of this Razor that we guarantee it for ONE YEAR. Made in three styles to suit heavy, medium, and light beards this Razor will suit your particular requirements *exactly*. . . . . and the price is but 3/-

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The price is 1/2 each post free.

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TALKS WITH A TEUTON.

HE THINKS US SLACK.

"Yah, I sdill 'ope der Priddish und der Allies veel vin pecos I *'ate* der Kaiser und der Yunker sbirit, und 'ope to see mein goundry rise again more vree und mit a domogradic consdidution. Bud I am nod zo sure."

"What, losing confidence in British arms?"

"Nein, nod dot. Der Priddish Army iss vot you call all right. Idt does nod know ven idt iss peat. But 'ere in England you do nod dake der var enough zerious. You do nod seem to realize der grread sdrength of Shermany. You do nod know 'ow glever und artvull ve arre. You talk und write mooch aboud Sherman sbies, bud you do noddings. You dink you are zafe vhen you are nod."

"I suppose our living on an island has something to do with that. Gives us a greater sense of security."

"Yah, dot is szo. Bud idt iss wrong. An island iss zafe zo long ass you geep der enemy oudt, und der drade routes open. Bud if der drade routes are glosed, und der island iss invaded, idt begomes a rad-drap. You haf no vhere to run, ligg der Belgians 'ad.'

"Well, our fleet will keep our trade routes open and the enemy out. Don't you worry."

"I am nod zo sure. You are doo zlag. You doo mouch gonvidence 'aff You 'aff lost zome sheeps in der Nort Zee, und der Yarmout ghoast 'ass been bombarded. Vhy? Vhere vos your vleet? Do you dink der Shermans did nod know? Dey know vhere all your sheeps are all der time, pecos dey 'aff sbies efferyvhere in Gread Bridain."

"But all aliens have to register themselves at the police station."

"Vot iss dot? Idt iss nod enough. Dey regisder und dey are vree vidin fife mile. Loog adt me! I am adt liberdy der same ass you."

"But you are naturalised, are you not?"

"Yah; bud vot iss dot? I am Sherman shoost der zame. If I lige to sby, I sby. Bad I do nod veesh. I 'ope der Priddish und der Allies veel vin, vor der sägg off mein coundry. Bud if I vand to sby, I sby."

"I daresay the police have their eye on you."

"Idt mägg no diff:rence Dey gannod aff der eye on me all der dime. 'Oo iss to stob me if I send an advertissmend to der newsbaper, in der "Bersonal Golumn"? Der Englisch bapers go to Shermany, und der Shermans read mein advertissmend. Idt iss, ber'aps, a message. Idt loog qvide innocent, bud idt iss nod. Yah! Dot iss 'ow eet iss done zomedimes."

"Well, how is one to stop that?"

"Dere iss only von vay—log up all der Shermans undil der var iss over."

"But some Germans speak such jolly good English that it is next to impossible to detect them."

"Gombel dem to bröduce deir birt cerdifigate. Eef dey gould nod, I vould shut dem up undil der var iss over. I vould gount dem ass Shermans unless dey gould broove uddervise."

"But what about men like Baron von Schröder, Sir Carl Meyer, Sir Edgar Speyer, and Sir Felix Schuster?"

"I vould shut dem all up der zame. Und I vould mägg efferybody 'oo vos nod a Sherman garry a pass—a *laisser passer*, ligg der Vrench—mit 'is or 'er voto stug on idt, zo dot vhen a boliceman zay: 'Oo are you?' you show 'im der pass, und 'e say: 'Pass along.' Bud eef you 'aff nod der pass, 'e arrest you vor a Sherman, und you 'aff to brove dot you are nod eef you are nod. Yah!"

"I'm afraid we British would not put up with that. It would go against our grain to have to carry a passport in our own country."

"Dot iss zo! I know. Dot iss vhere you are vouls. Budt eet iss necessary vor your zafety. You do nod realize der bower, und der determination und der 'atred off Shermany againsd you. Dey vill leaf nod a sdone undurned to *grush* you vor effer. Zo I wand you nod to be zo slag, vor I wand der Priddish und der Allies to vin, vor I *'ate* der Kaiser, and I lofe mein goundry."

WHAT ABOUT THE MISSUS?

Have you taken home this week's

"MARY BULL"?

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Give them

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

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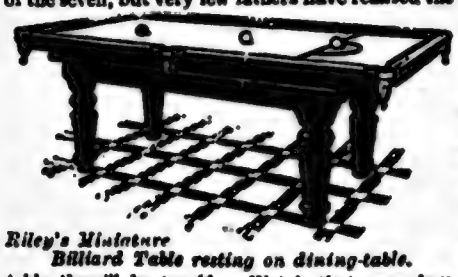
8/6 brings to your Home a splendid Billiard Table, measuring 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.

Every Home can have its own Billiard Table.

Most parents will agree that a boy is better at home at least four evenings out of the seven, but very few fathers have realised the truth that



Riley's Miniature Billiard Table resting on dining-table.

THE EASIEST WAY

to bring this about is to make the home so attractive that the boys choose an evening at home in preference to seeking amusement elsewhere.

Now, the game of billiards has a tremendous fascination for everyone. See a youngster, barely tall enough to handle a cue properly, have a smack at the red, just let him fluke a cannon, and if you attempt to drag him away from that table there'll be trouble. Watch that same boy a few years hence.

HE HAS DEVELOPED

a delicate sense of touch, he knows something about angles, and plays to leave the balls for the next shot; later still he even sees two shots ahead. And so on, until later on in life he has his game, his enthusiasm has never waned, his interest in the game is even keener than ever—is it any wonder that billiards, with its inexhaustible store of fascination and interest, is called the "king of indoor games"?

BILLIARDS AT HOME

is the irresistible magnet that draws everyone home, and keeps them there. There are still some people who think "billiards at home" means a huge room only to be found in large houses and one that can be used for no other purpose than billiards; but Riley's, of Accrington, have anticipated this objection by making "Miniature" Tables to fit every sized room, and have made the buying terms so easy that they offer for

2s. 6d. DOWN

and twelve small monthly payments of 2s. 6d., to send one of their popular size Miniature Tables, measuring 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. (Cash price £5 5s.), delivered carriage paid to any home within one mile of the nearest railway station in the United Kingdom, on a seven days' free trial. This size table will fit any ordinary sized room, yet is so perfectly proportioned, that even the best players can have a good game on it.

The father of a family may be uncertain as to the reception of a table if installed in his house; in which case he may send for a table, play on it, every day if he wishes for a week, and, if after that time he decides against it, all he has to do is to repack it, and Riley's will have it removed at their expense. Apart from the Miniature, Riley's have another table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING-TABLE.

This forms a very handsome piece of furniture as a dining-table, and in a few seconds it can be converted into a billiard table, true in every detail and all accessories included. The prices range from £13 10s. to £32, according to size, and this table can also be had in 13 or 18 monthly payments. **FREE** on receipt of a postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized tables, and sundries.

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The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

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The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades. The CLEMAK avoids all this.

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CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

MR. REGINALD McKENNA.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend!"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"*Civis Britannicus sum.* Searching weather, isn't it?"

"H'm! You are Reginald McKenna, the Home Secretary, are you not?"

"Yes. Must be fearfully trying in the trenches for our fellows now the winter is approaching, mustn't it? Well, I must be getting along. Good——"

"Halt! It is not in my power to arrest you, seeing that you know the countersign, and are a well-known British subject; but it is my duty to hold an informal court-martial on your recent action, or rather *in*action, before allowing you to pass."

"About this wretched spy business, I suppose. I'm sick of it."

"A suspicion is abroad throughout the country that you are not doing your duty in this matter. You have given the public the impression that you are too weak to handle the problem with vigour and determination. Your own statements have given currency to an idea that you are more fearful of inflicting hardship upon innocent aliens than resolved to protect your country's interests at all costs."

"My remarks are invariably misinterpreted by my political opponents."

"You have no political opponents, in the party sense, at this crisis. Party differences have temporarily disappeared, and the whole nation, fired with one patriotic purpose, merely looks to you as Home Secretary to do your duty boldly—ruthlessly, if necessary—in ridding our shores of the menace of resourceful and unscrupulous alien spies. The British public is not satisfied that you are doing so."

"It is not my fault if——"

"Nor do we like your constant attempts to excuse yourself and shift the responsibility upon other shoulders. Even in the House of Commons the other day you evinced a keener anxiety to vindicate yourself than to reassure the Members, and through them the country."

"What more could I do than I have done?"

"You might pay a little more attention to aliens of position, naturalised or not, from whom there is greater danger to be apprehended than from the humble German barbers, waiters and bakers who have been rounded up. Why are practically all the wealthy German residents in this country allowed complete freedom? Is a man any the less a German because he has money? On the contrary, is he not for that reason in a better position to find means to supply the enemy with information?"

"I quite agree, and I am most anxious to do everything possible for our security. But——"

"'But' is your weakness. Don't be afraid. The country will back you up in any drastic action you may take. But if we are allowed to suspect you of slackness in this vital matter, this war will spell the finish of your political career."

"But what on earth can I do more than I *have* done?"

"Listen. A sentry guarding the powder magazine at Fleetwood Barracks was shot in the arm last week by a spy, who was able to escape."

"I can't help that. I——".

"I consider that if you had done your duty sternly from the first, and had *every* individual of alien origin placed under strict surveillance, such an incident could not have occurred. Persuade the Government to establish a special department to deal with the spy menace. Let it be staffed by the smartest detectives in the force. Let it be given authority over the local police throughout the country; and then, when it once gets to work, you will have the biggest surprise you have ever had in your life. The reality of the spy peril will immediately become terribly manifest. Remember Belgium!"

"But——"

"No buts! Thank God you are not at the Admiralty in times like these! Unfortunately you appear very little better fitted for the Home Office. I have warned you and advised you. Now go, and see whether you can rise to the occasion, so that when we meet again I shall be able to say: 'Pass, friend! All's well!'"

How can we do you think of that? Can't be bothered, and can't be a bit of ink-pellet in the cap
Splendid! — all paragraph it seems!
Yes, they give the Letter-cards with it, don't they?

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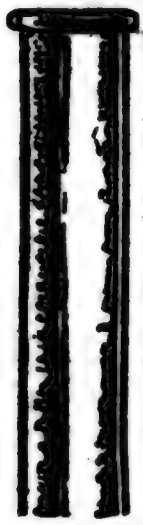
UNBREAKABLE

Fountain Pen which solves the Xmas Present Problem.

Who would not like one of these 1914 Souvenir ALL-BRITISH Aluminium Pens, which carry a six months' supply of solid ink stowed in the cap?

The most useful Xmas novelty yet invented. Fitted with 14 carat iridium-tipped gold nib, and supplied complete with ink-pellets and letter-cards—only 5/6 (Stylos 7/6).

Perfect alike for the soldier, sailor, boy-scout, school-boy, or school-girl.



Give your soldier or sailor friend, relative, husband, or son, one of these handsome "Armoured Service" unbreakable self-contained Pens.

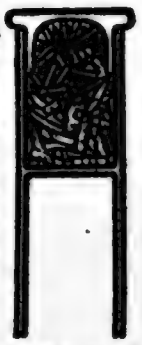
The one great joy of the brave boys "on service with the colours" is the writing to and receiving letters from the dear folk at home. Give them, therefore, the wherewithal to write. They will appreciate your "Armoured Service" gift—as it is pens, ink, and stationery all in one. All they will want to complete their writing equipment is water in which to dissolve the ink-pellets. With every "Armoured Service" pen is presented *free*, sufficient ink-pellets contained in the cap (as shown in the illustration below) to last for six months, together with a packet of specially designed "On Active Service" embossed letter-cards. Give them this handsome gift, and your letters will always come addressed in ink which cannot get erased in the post.

These unique unbreakable pens make ideal presents also for your sons, daughters, nephews, and nieces.

You can send these pens through the post to *anywhere* and be absolutely sure they will arrive in sound condition and give permanent pleasure.

SPECIFICATION.

These "Armoured Service" Pens are made of highly-polished aluminium, or solid silver, vulcanite lined, and are fitted with a novel double-chamber screw-cap, which entirely prevents loss from slipping off while being carried. The solid gold nib, guaranteed not to wear out in ten years, is heavily tipped with iridium, and plainly stamped "14 Carat." The feed is best quality vulcanite, made on the most up-to-date scientific principles.



Section of Cap showing Pellets.

Every pen is stamped "Armoured Service. *Entirely* made in Britain 1914." Moreover, these Pens are made by British workpeople, with British-made tools in British workshops owned solely by British Manufacturers.

Buy a set of these pens to-day for your Xmas Gifts. They will delight everyone.

	Aluminium Fountain Pens.	Stylos.
PRICES	One for 5/6	One for 4/6
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I understand that if not entirely satisfactory, you will exchange or return money in full.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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J.B. 28 Nov., 1914. Send your Favourite Steel Nib.

H.B.S.—X.

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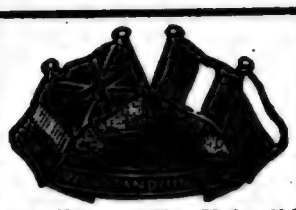

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An appreciable present for all. This fine Gold-Plated Patriotic Brooch, with the British, French, Belgian and Russian Flags in Correct Colours, in real hard-enamel and Enamel and Cannon, and words, "We Stand United," 1/- or real Silver and Enamel 2/-. Either post free: or the 1/- one will be sent quite Free to all sending 1/- in 4d. for box and postage, for

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FREE. Send a Postcard to-day for our New Illustrated Xmas Catalogue (post free) of Watches (the Gent.'s "Right Time" Nickel-Silver Watch, 2/6), Clocks (the "Moonlight" Alarm Clock—"shows the time in the dark"—3/6), Jewellery, Novelties Toys, Xmas Cards, Gramophones and Record, and the Finest Selection of War Souvenirs, etc. **PAIN BROS.,** Dept. 6, The "Presents House," HASTINGS, Eng

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COCOA

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from new papers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

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"WELL FITTED" (Kentish Town) and OTHERS.—We quite agree that the electors of E. Edinburgh ought to get rid of the pantaloon Hogge, who at present "represents" them. What an ass the man is!

S. M. (Galway).—Thanks for copy of the *Galway Express*—whose praises of our article "If We Lost" bring blushes to our old face.

L. A. F. (St. Leonards).—Your proposed "Citizens' Patriotic Intelligence Association" for the furtherance of the country's interests, is an excellent idea, but it seems to us that our Business Government League, which is shortly to be re-organised, will cover the same ground.

T. E. (London, S.W.).—Your generous gift has been placed to the credit of our War Relief Fund. You do not seem quite to catch the idea in darkening London. It is not to *hide* it—an utter impossibility, of course—but to make the picking out of the more important and conspicuous buildings difficult for a hostile airman.

"GRATEFUL RECIPIENT," W. B., MRS. H., ANON., MRS. J., and MANY OTHERS.—Thanks for kind contributions towards our forthcoming Jumble Sale.

"UNHOLY TRINITY," "A SOCIALIST," and "A SOLDIER'S WIFE" send us respectively 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d., for the benefit of the old Indian Mutiny veteran, Joseph Goldsby, who recently gave evidence at an inquest held by Dr. Waldo. We have had much pleasure in forwarding these to the Coroner, who has received a considerable amount from the public, and is administering it for the benefit of the old soldier.

W. J. (Harlesden).—We have now heard from Private Gray, to the effect that he is with the B Co. of the Royal Scots with the Expeditionary Force, and is at present in the trenches at ———, Left Wing. That is all the Censor will allow him to tell us. How our journal does get about, to be sure!

ANON (Port Tewfick, Egypt).—Your postal order for 20s. arrived without instructions as to its disposition. Unless we hear from you to the contrary, we shall add the amount to our War Relief Fund.

J. M. D. (Liverpool).—The ditty we recently published on the Quaker was based on a leading article in the official organ of the Society of Friends, *The Friend*; so, whether you liked it or not, we don't see what you have to be cross with us about, more especially since you say you are not yourself a Quaker.

"ACONITE" (Tottenham).—A public discussion of the subject of your letter would at this juncture be not only impolitic but highly dangerous. You have placed your views before the War Office. Bide a wee.

E. A. N. (Southampton).—We had better not give you Kur Hardie's address, since your intentions are so obvious. We might be charged as accessories before the fact.

A. G. (London, W.C.).—The attitude of the French towards this country during the Boer War was certainly unsympathetic, but Germany's hostility had a sinister political motive. The two cases were not parallel.

G. W. J. L. (Manor Park) says we should "have to go a long way and look for a long time for a committee of business men in each district unidentified with local party politics or religious sectarianism." True; *too* true.

"LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME" (Carlisle).—We agree that Members of Parliament and others of pro-German sympathies must be watched with close attention, else when the day of settlement arrives the fruits of victory may be snatched from our hands. But let us take comfort from the resolute words uttered by our own King: "*We shall not lay down our arms until our purpose has been achieved.*" As Mr. Asquith has said, that purpose is the utter crushing of Prussian militarism. No less.

H. C. W. (New York City).—He whom you call "that dirty slob W. R. Hearst" is no friend to Britain, and his scurrilous and puerile ravings in the *New York Evening Journal* excite more pity than resentment on this side.

"TACITUS" (Nottingham).—We quite agree with the last of the German "Ten Commandments" you send us, which says: "Be firmly convinced, whatever others may say, that German products are the only ones worthy of citizens of the German Fatherland." And German citizens have proved themselves worthy of German products. "Made in Germany" has long meant shoddy goods.

R. P. T. (Llanelly).—It is interesting and instructive to note that Max Hilbert, essence merchant, late of Hamburg, Germany, has removed to Boompjes, 83, Rotterdam, Holland, whence he "begs to solicit a continuance of your favours which, as in the past, will have his most careful attention," and that all his supplies will, "to avoid any misunderstanding, be of 'NEUTRAL' manufacture." What a game, what a game!

G. S. (Brixton Hill).—It must be admitted that the "tobacco for the troops" schemes run by some of our contemporaries, whereby duty free tobacco is sent to the front direct from the wholesalers, is rather rough on the retail tobacconists. It is a good wind that blows nobody ill.

"A TERRITORIAL" (St. John's Hill) tells us that when he joined on September 4th, the spoon and fork served out to him bore the legend "Made in Germany." Let him console himself with the thought that he soon will have the opportunity to return them personally to the country whence they came.

F. M. (Glasgow).—Our opinion is that all alien enemies whom it has been thought advisable to intern, should be deported at the end of the war. If they are dangerous now, they will be equally dangerous then, when they are smarting from defeat.

H. C. (Walsall).—The good ladies of Walsall who express their glowing patriotism by doling out cauliflowers (grown in their own gardens) to the wives and mothers of soldiers on active service, might do worse. Suppose their ideas ran to fruit: "I hear your son (or husband) is at the front. Have a banana!"

"ACTIVE" (Manchester).—Would we kindly state if the soldiers on active service are allowed 2 oz. tobacco per week? They are allowed as much as they can get, but in many cases they do not get as much as they are allowed.

J. S. T. (London, N.)—One would have thought either the Admiralty or War Office would have spared a moment to look at your friend's anti-aircraft weapon, which, if approved, he would offer free to the Nation. His letters have probably been lost in a maze of red tape.

"A READER" (Canonbury).—There is no longer a Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Lord Kitchener is Secretary of State for War, and Sir John French is Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force.

"DITCHIE" (Southport).—We respect an honest conviction, but a teetotaler who has billeted on him a soldier who enjoys a glass of beer with his meals, and refuses to allow that beverage to appear on his table, is not a man of honest conviction, but a pig-headed fanatic. That is *our* honest conviction.

"A BROTHER SUFFERER" (Worle) is concerned because he has heard some of our soldiers singing, "It's the wrong way to tickle Mary." We are not acquainted with the lady referred to, and are consequently unable to answer his subsequent question.

"ONE OF THE CREW" tells us that on his ship the Chief Engineer is a pestiferous pessimist over the war, and that his croakings at table are enough to make one sick. If anything happens to the boat, they'll know where to look for their Jonah.

DE B. (Hotel Victoria, W.C.).—It may be true that the late Herr Krupp left two daughters and no son, but you have overlooked the fact that the husband of the heiress assumed the name of Krupp on his marriage. He is the Herr Krupp who visited England recently, and not "the warmed up corpse" of the old 'un.

"A PARSON."—We agree with all you say respecting the consumption of English lager beer in preference to German. Your letter is also refreshing by reason of its robust common sense and manly Christianity. Believe us, we are never "down on the parsons" unless we see good and sufficient reason for dropping on them.

A Fireside Pastime with money in it. See "Bullets" great Prize offer on page 28.

W. K. DE S. (London, W.C.) assures us that, whatever the sentiments of the Royal House of Holland may be, the Dutch are with us in our detestation of the Kaiser and regard him as the "Mephistopheles of Europe." We will drink to that gallant people in Holland's gin.

F. S. (Addlestone).—Do you write your signature like that to disguise your identity? Have noted the vicar's critical, but kindly-spirited, remarks about us.

"WOULD-BE RECRUIT" (Fulham) would be glad of some Surgical Aid letters to enable him to enlist. The various dentists who have kindly offered their services gratis to potential soldiers naturally require a letter from an officer certifying that the man will be accepted when dental deficiencies have been supplied, but in this case, although our correspondent wrote to Woolwich for such a guarantee, he has not yet received a reply.

"BADGER" (Newport, Mon.).—Thanks for the cutting from your local paper, in regard to which we hope to comment. Your postal order for a shilling has been added to our War Fund.

W. N. S. (East Finchley).—You acted wisely in respect of the British Clothing Club. We are glad to hear the Manchester police are beginning to show a more active interest in this shady firm.

SIDNEY CARSON (Oldham) writes to dispute the claim of Mr. George Loughlin ("Rose and Crown" Hotel, Pendleton) to the authorship of the song "St. George for England." In effect he says "Alone I did it," seven years ago, when he was pianist at the "Rose and Crown." Now we must leave it to Messrs. Loughlin and Carson to settle it between themselves.

L. S. (Hammersmith).—In the exceptional circumstances of your case, being a septuagenarian, and having lived in this country for the last 52 years, you *might* succeed in taking out naturalisation papers even during the continuance of the war. But we rather doubt it. Your sympathies being so entirely British, your case is certainly a hard one.

F. W. W. (Wealdstone).—As we have already replied to another correspondent, we have reason to believe that a Crimean War Fund is still in existence.

W. G. (Petersham).—It was very rude of the moneylender to send you an unfranked letter on which you had to pay fourpence. It would serve him right if you borrowed some of his money.

G. L. W. (Dowlais).—Can we inform you "whether the British Highland regiments wear anything under their kilts?" Wait (for a windy day) and see.

E. C. P. (Streatham Park).—"When an M.P. asks a question in the House and no answer is given, *what is to be inferred?*" That depends upon which political party you belong to.

E. St. A. (Lowestoft) wants to know whether Colchester is a town or a city. He should ask a native. We personally should hazard the opinion that it is a town, as it is not the seat of a bishopric.

"NIL DESPERANDUM" begins: "Dr. John, is it really any use to ask you to open your eyes? Are you really blind?" Well, we don't often refuse an "eye-opener," but we manage to avoid the state indicated.

MRS. C. (Crown Street) is another correspondent anxious about our eyesight. "May God Almighty give you eyes to see," she shrieks in pencil. Then follow two quarto pages of incoherency. What woes we weary editors endure!

A. G. (London, S.E.) thinks the widows of famous artists should be provided for out of the funds of the Royal Academy. But what has the Royal Academy to-day to do with "famous" artists?

MRS. N. H. (Lambeth) informs us that she is "nearly tickled to death every Wednesday when she reads our Answers to Correspondents." Some Wednesday we must take a Lambeth walk.

MRS. K. L. S. (Lincoln).—If you had read and heeded our repeated warnings against the Glazolin Co., of Barnsbury, you would to-day be richer by 2s. 3d. But then, we might not have had the pleasure of hearing from you.

MISS S. W. (Hastings) writes: "I find dear old JOHN BULL loves anything 'naughty.'" What on earth gave her that impression?

D. D. (Leytonstone) asks: "Where i Can Send tips on Horses in Safety as i dont Like Street Betten." The purport of this cryptic query eludes us.

"STAMBRIDGE" (Sydenham).—We have frequently expressed our disapproval of the "snowball" system of trading. It is not legitimate business, but trickery.

P. McN. (British Expeditionary Force).—You make us blush.

MRS. L. R. (Gloucester).—Sorry our warning respecting Horrocks, the Brighton hair merchant, was not published soon enough to save you. However, you have the satisfaction of knowing that we made the gentleman's hair curl.

S. O. S. (Seaham Harbour).—Most antique dealers will buy old war medals, and, maybe, a Queen's Chocolate Box. What those you mention are worth we cannot say.

S. H. I. (Luton).—As an affiliation order has been obtained against him, we do not see what useful purpose would be served by giving further publicity to the conduct of your sister's betrayer. It would certainly do the girl no good.

H. J. P. (W.-s.-M.).—The object of the "Helping Hand Stores, Inc." of Chicago and Manchester, is that of helping themselves. Keep their helping hands out of your pocket.

W. G. M. (Longrweh(?), Cent. Queen land).—We must leave the emigration question alone for the present.

"A READER OF 'JOHN BULL'" (Liverpool).—We understand from the firm in question that there has been a reduction all round, which was essential in order to keep everyone employed, but not to the degree mentioned in your letter. They are now, however, increasing all wages and will continue to do so as much as the condition of the business will afford.

F. G. T. (Tipton).—"What is the height of the Kaiser?" Tall enough for us to wish him shorter by a head.

H. M. M. (Cleveland, U.S.A.) declares that we have the sympathy of the entire U.S.A., "at least the intelligence of the country," in the war, and wonders why "some of the sensible members of the House don't drop that farcical idiot (Kur Hardie) into the Thames." There are stringent bye-laws against polluting the river.

R. G. (St. Austell).—Thanks for the offer of your "'Poem' entitled:—'The Kaiser's Dream.' Containing 18 verses, of 6 lines each; composed by yourself, and never yet published." At present we are suffering from a glut of poetry.

"YOUNG READERS" (Exeter).—As you have been invited to join the Salvation Army, we must leave you to form your own opinion of that body. We neither persuade nor dissuade in religious matters. But what about Kitchener's Army?

H. S. (Huddersfield).—The Vicar of Holbeach and his kind have been dealt with. Their attitude has been too general among the clergy to be made merely personal.

MRS. C. C. (Croydon).—"Half the women who visit public-houses have no homes worth speaking of and are glad of the warmth and light." Also of the gin and gossip.

CORPORAL R. E. (Chatham).—The military and political philosophy of the Germans is brutal, therefore we must expect brutality. But, "'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,' said the Lord."

S. G. R. (Vict. Docks).—The Order seems to be clear that alien enemies who have changed their names since the outbreak of war must change back.

"GILNOCKIE" (Hendon).—"Is it a fact that the editor of a Conservative paper, which sometimes calls itself independent, is a German?" How do we know?

"INQUIRER" (Tedbury) says that male Belgian refugees have been working from sunrise to sunset on an estate for 1s. a day. Surely this is not true?

J. R. B. (Peckham) thinks that two or three hundred determined Germans in London could wreck the Metropolis with the aid of hidden guns. Perhaps—if they had the hidden guns.

J. BIKKER (Hall Green).—The British law is that children of natural born British subjects are of British nationality wherever born. Your second question is too big an order. Look it up in your public library.

"MAY" (Hants), aged 10, offers us a suggestion for a cartoon, as she has a father and brother in the Army "and would like to do something towards it, and something to the Germans as well." She had better leave the Germans to her father and brother.

T. F. McD. (W.C.) objects to the L.C.C. teaching English to Germans to enable them to compete with Britons. Hear, hear!

C. E. K. (Ipswich).—We quite agree that the Y.M.C.A. Bank ought to make much more detailed entries for the purpose of identifying the deposits of men who have gone out to the front. We are afraid that even this Christian Association has an eye on Unclaimed Balances!

H. E. G. (Balham).—Pay no advance fees to the apartments agents who claim to work in conjunction with the Belgian Refugee Bureau. It is easy to make professions of that kind. We cannot say why your son, who joined the Queen's Westminster Rifles on the outbreak of the war, has not yet received the £5 bonus promised him. *Who* promised it to him?

E. C. (Forres).—We note that the sketch you sent us was entirely your own doing. Then you have only yourself to blame for it. But take courage; it might be worse.

P. L. C. (Stevenston).—We do not agree with apprentices being allowed to break their indentures so that they may go to the front. They will be fighting for their country quite as much by thoroughly learning their trade. And when they can be spared, patriotic firms are letting them go.

Only two more weeks to win a Xmas Turkey. See page 28.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

"THE WASTER."—A TRUE STORY.

The Waster told me his name one day,
But what it was I'm not going to say;
His name in our books we knew was a myth,
For he was enlisted as Private Smith.

If ever a man was too hot to hold,
He was the fellow to fit the mould;
We didn't know all the things he'd done,
But what we did know was enough for one.

He'd been in more scrapes than was justly right,
He'd sooner be in than out of a fight,
While he—from his habits you might infer—
Was certainly not a teetotaler.

He owned to me he'd wasted his life,
He'd rowed with and parted from his wife;
He used to say, "If you'd like to see
A regular wrong 'un, look at me."

It was just as bad in barracks and camp,
He played the deuce, and was still a scamp;
If you let your goods lie handy to shift,
The prongs of the Waster the lot would lift.

It was only the War that calmed him down,
He seemed to sober away from town;
Though he'd swear and grouse and kick up a fuss,
He was not such a wicked, spiteful cuss.

He still insisted his word was law,
Chaps saying "No" got a smack on the jaw:
But out at the front he put matters right,
Facing the Germans, by gum, he could fight!

For three or four Uhlans he was a match,
He'd sail through red slaughter without a scratch;
He'd say, all grimy and stained with blood,
"I reckon at last I'm turning good."

The day that we got cut up in France
Was his final effort, the Waster's chance;
Waiting relief from British or French,
All we could do was to hold our trench.

We slogged all day and we slogged all night,
Nothing to eat, and nothing but fight;
We were at it still when morning came,
Mud and bullets and hunger and flame.

But we saw in front what the night concealed—
Three of our men lying there in the field,
Wounded, unable to crawl from the fray,
A mark for the shots from over the way.

The Waster he cries, "Lor', look at that!"
And up he sits; I says, "What are you at?"
And then he stands in the thunder and din,
And he says, "At least I'll bring one of 'em in."

We shouted, "Stop, you're going to death!"
Says he, "Shut your mouth, and save your breath";
And off he strides, a target for shot,
And number one in his arms he's got!

He fetches him in without more to-do,
And back he returns for number two;
He lifts him to us and says, "Take his nibs,
For the beggars have holed me in the ribs."

And we says, "Lie down," the Waster he
Says, "Wait till I've brought in number three."
He reels, he staggers, he's nearly beat—
But the third man's saved, and his job's complete.

He drops in the trench, but a smile he wore,
As he says, "Thank Heaven there wasn't four!"
And he whispered, as he answered the Call,
"I wasn't so real bad after all!" RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"THE SCOTSMAN":—
"The Germans have suffered enormously—by their own admissions, AT THE LEAST two men in every nine, AT THE MOST one man in every six."

"YORKSHIRE OBSERVER":—
"The part of the left bank of the Yser STILL OCCUPIED by the Germans is NOW officially stated to have been COMPLETELY EVACUATED."

"DAILY CITIZEN":—
"It was impossible to count the DEAD. Their SCREAMS were terrible to hear."

"EVENING TIMES":—
"Duffel is UNINHABITED, but a few people are still TRYING TO EXIST there."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"Walking along the Stray one may come across a few hundreds of the new army being put THROUGH THEIR FACES."

"THE DRAPERS' RECORD" (advertisement):—
"Elderly man, recently SOLD, desires another, or Partnership."

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—
"A WIDOW with two children with her HUSBAND STILL LIVING, gets 17s 6d. per week. . . ."

NEWPORT CORPORATION TRAMWAYS (ticket advertisement):—
"——— Paints are so light in weight that THREE 14 lb. tins weigh ONLY 28 lbs."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Births. On the 22nd Sept., at The Firs, Hampstead, the wife of Dr. ——— of a SON. 'THEIR ONLY SON'—a great patriotic production in two reels dealing with the present crisis."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL":—
"The testator said he would leave the property equally between the Rector of ——— and the Parish Priest of ——— for ASSES."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"The tramways manager said, 'We shall not run so many trams as usual, but the LAST CAR WILL ALWAYS BE RUN.'"

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't "Weight" the Russian maxim?
Isn't war decidedly a "paying" game?
Won't the Budget raise a storm in the teacup?
Won't De Wet soon be forced to "dry up"?
Shouldn't it be called the "Outgo-tax" now?
Doesn't the Budget show great poverty—of ideas?
Is it possible for Bernard Shaw to "forget himself"?
Shouldn't would-be "Bulletees" attend "Bullet teas"?
Isn't a "Holy" mess of things all Turkey will accomplish?
Won't Italy "seize her opportunity" when she "sees" it?
Aren't the Germans finding the "Yser" gets "harder" every day?
How do the German officers like being "cut down" by their own Emperor?
Why do they call him a "Crown" Prince when he isn't even a "tanner"?
Isn't "Now we shan't Boulogne" the latest catch-phrase in the German Army?

* * *

Ranji is going to the front. We sincerely hope the Germans will not bowl him out.

* * *

"Girls are worth a great deal sometimes," says the Lambeth magistrate. Yes, but you mustn't always judge them by their face value.

Extra £25 Football prize for a "Mary Bull" Mauve coupon. See page 27.

Another Huge Cash Prize for Football Skill!

£1,000

GREAT NEW CONTEST

FOR ALL-CORRECT FOOTBALL COUPON.

£125 MUST BE WON.

Another easy Football contest this week. For a correct forecast of all the matches given on the coupon we shall pay the huge sum of £1,000. If this is not won £100 will be paid for the best coupon received, and £25 for a *Mary Bull* Mauve Coupon—a distinct and extra prize. Thus £125 *must* be won. Send your entries now—don't wait till closing day. Scottish readers may enter. You can forward as many entries as you like.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, December 12th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a "Mary Bull" mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an extra £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100, the £25 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, November 27th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 8."

The closing date is Friday, December 11th

DON'T DELAY YOUR ENTRIES. FILL IN THIS WEEK'S COUPON *NOW*.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

A GEM FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Enclosed I submit two Photograps for your inspection both taken YESTERDAY. [These are ordinary three-quarter length of a young man.] I am now putting in your hands a SUBSTANTIAL AND BONA-FIDE scoop. Now I have proof (etheral if you like) that God's Will is that the Kaiser is doomed! Now, Sir, I stand on a rock as firm as Gibraltar when I make that statement. Let it be understood the '*images*' on the negatives are NOT caused by carelessness or improper light, but are Part and Parcel of COMPLETE, smooth, ¼-plate negatives, such as you can buy anywhere. Turn the Photographs the WRONG way up—On No. 1 you will observe the following Images in the proximity of the vest. No. 1.—This Photo was exposed first, and by an act of God the maker of all things, we see the bent form of the 'Kaiser' in white, with the Black Devil helping him on to obtain the little round object just below the Devil's shoulder, presumably the world, Do you notice the 'Mailed fist'? and how faithful the 'Kaiser's' PROFILE is? No. 2.—This was exposed 5 minutes after No. 1, after I had been out of the room, it was exposed by a different person. In this we see a change, the 'mailed fist' is shattered by the Protruding muzzle of the cannon, whose muzzle the 'Kaiser' fondly thought was the world, and even the Black Devil leaves the 'Kaiser' to his fate, turns away with bowed head, with his head covered by a shroud. Such is the Will of God. What do you think about it all?"

ANOTHER £10 PAID.

Mr. William Kinghorn, of 27, Comiston Road, Edinburgh, has sent us the copy of JOHN BULL dated October 31st, and bearing on its cover the number 518222. A cheque for £10 has accordingly been forwarded to him.

Racing Notes.

The Editor will be running several horses at the Manchester meeting—JARNAC II., CURVET, SPIKED, PANZI and MOFAT—and a little invested on each should show a profit.

The Manchester November Handicap on Saturday seems to be a very open affair, but ARDA should win, WOODWILD and FLORIST being likely to fill the remaining places.

On Thursday, CANDYTUFT is sure to make a prominent show in the Brackley Handicap. GREENMEADOW looks best for the Delamere Handicap, as does MAY BOY for the Eglinton Nursery.

On Friday BOXER* looks very nicely treated in the Lancashire Nursery, and must be written down as the best thing of the week. NEVILLE HOLT may take the Flying Handicap, and NIHILIST the Pendleton Maiden Plate.

On Saturday the best things are WENSLEYDALE for the Worsley Nursery, and KILTOI for the Final Plate.

At Lingfield, LADY SYM and LANDWEED should win their races, whilst RANGAG and ALBORAK are possible winners.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 6.

Three competitors sent in coupons showing three errors, and, being nearest the mark, they divide the £100 Prize, each receiving £33 6s. 8d. Their names are:—

BLACKETT, T., 22, Lightfoot Terrace, Dean Bank, Ferryhill, Durham.
MILLS, F. S., The Nest, Niton, Ventnor, I. of W.
RAE, R. J., c.o. H. Ross, 7, East William Street, Greenock.

The £25 Prize offered for the most correct *Mary Bull* Mauve Coupon is shared by two competitors, whose coupons showed only four errors. Each receives the sum of £12 10s. They are:—

DEMPSEY, M., 81, Gladstone Road, Portsmouth.
FRASER, Mrs. T., 15, Eglinton Road, Ardrossan.

HURRY UP!

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS TO WIN A TURKEY.

1500 TURKEYS

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH

LAST TWO WEEKS!

This Week and Next are the last two weeks of our Great Xmas Offer of 1,500 SPECIALLY SELECTED TURKEYS.

250 TURKEYS TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

In consequence of the War, Turkeys will be very scarce this year, and more expensive. Many will probably find it impossible to procure one at all. "John Bull's" "Bullets" Turkeys will be of the very highest quality, and WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH. They will be despatched to prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas Dinner, and winners will be notified immediately the awards are made each week.

Secure a Fine, Plump Turkey for your Xmas Dinner

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

£250 FIRST PRIZE

TEN PRIZES OF £2:10/- EACH

100 Prizes of 10/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

200 Prizes of 5/-

Bullets can be constructed from these Examples.

TAXING THE PUBLIC	SHELLING OUT	MISSING THE MARK	GERMAN WAR NEWS	ONE TOO MANY
COMING FAST	PROVIDING FOR MISSUS	RECKLESS CHARGES	BITTER OPPOSITION	MAKING PREPARATIONS
IN THE TRENCHES	READY FOR ACTION	WHEN HEAD ARRIVES	TREAT IN STORE	AN OLD TROUBLE
BACKING BILL	FIGHTING SPIRIT	THRILLING STORY	WONDERFUL INVENTION	ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT
A TERRIBLE MASH	BREAKING HIS WORD	A LITTLE MISTAKE	BAD CHARACTER	WHAT WIFE SAYS
HARD KNOCKING	FATHER'S BEER	SPENDING SUNDAY	HOME LESSONS	STICKING TOGETHER

Closing date, Thursday, December 3rd

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(113) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated December 5th.

Closing date, Thursday, December 3rd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(113) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 1 3," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

2,571 PRIZES Value £1,175 THIS WEEK.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example, "BAD CHARACTER," and take the letters "D" and "B," using the word "Pay" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "DOESN'T PAY BACK." From the example, "A LITTLE MISTAKE," the Bullet, "EVERYBODY MAKES" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "MAKING PREPARATIONS," using the letter "M" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet, "MAID FOR MARRIAGE."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 19th, 1914.

RESULT OF 110TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. THOMAS WATSON,
The Old Vicarage,
Thornton Curtis,
Ulceby, Lincs.

Example:—ABSORBING SUBJECT.
Bullet:—ENLISTING DECIDES EXISTING.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

THOS. E. MOORE, Pontefract Road, Knebworth, Herts: ARGUING WITH MISSUS—"HEAT" THEN "ICE."
Mrs. P. EVANS, 72, Brynymor Road, Swansea: SEEKING SHELTER—LOAFERS HANDS GENERALLY.
Mr. ARTHUR PERRY, 106, Station Road, Llanelly, Carm.: TOMMY'S QUESTION—THEATRE OR EMPIRE?
Mr. ASA DAVIES, 1, Heybrook, Rochdale, Lancs.: NATIONAL RELIEF—INGE'S SUNDAY OFF.
Mr. W. G. CLOKE, 28, Elm Grove, Peckham, S.E.: THE NEW BABY—RECESSITY AFTER ARMAGEDDON
Mr. WILLIAM HASON, 9, High Cross Road, Seaton Burn, Northumberland:
NOT ALL THERE—TOMMY'S TRAMCAR AGE.
Mr. C. B. MELTON, 37, Cambridge Avenue, Kilburn, N.W.: NATIONAL RELIEF—INACCESSIBLE WITHOUT "LINES."
Mr. H. A. MOORE, 23, St. Lawrence Road, Upminster, Essex: GETTING THE PUSH—TANDEM'S FRONT PEDALS.
Miss CISSIE ROBERTSON, 25, McDonald Road, Edinburgh: LODGER'S BREAKFAST—"FAST" AND FURIOUS.
Mr. GEORGE OWEN, 53, Milton Road, Prestwich, Manchester: HOPEFUL SIGN—DIVING UP "GLASSES."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mrs. C. MERRIFIELD, 75, St. Andrew's Road, Southsea: BREACH OF PROMISE—ALGY'S MOUSTACHE.
Miss M. LONGDON, 194, Uttoxeter New Road, Derby: KNOCKED UP—NOBODY BY OPPORTUNITY.
Mr. W. J. BROWN, Dunnotar, Milner Rd., Kingston-on-Thames: MILKMAN'S CALL—"MIND LAMP-POST, SIR!"
Mr. HARRY BEVAN, "Spiteful," Abercarn (Mon.): BITTER MEMORIES—MISERABLE SINNERS ENJOY.
Mr. W. KIRBY, 64, Violet Street, Derby: SHOWING WHITE FEATHER—NEITHER DUELLIST ARRIVED.
Mr. K. M. HALL, 111, Eastgate, Louth, Lincs.: LODGER'S BREAKFAST—SAD "START" SOMETIMES.
Mr. E. CHRISMAS, 14, Union Street, Hartlepool: LONG ENGAGEMENT—MUNICIPAL ROAD MENDING.
Mr. WM. THOMPSON, Solway View, Flimby, Maryport, Cumberland: RETIRING IN DISORDER—STUMBLED OVER "OTTOMAN."
Miss A. MCNEILL, c.o. Messrs. Irvine and Co., Shipquay and Ferryquay Street, Londonderry: BADLY TREATED—ACCURACY BY ENTHUSIAST.
Mr. R. ROBINSON, 104, Stafford Road, Wolverhampton: NEVER IN DOUBT—INDIAN COLONEL'S OPINION.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ABELL, F. H., Kilworrery, Co. Cork, Ireland.
ALFRED, A., 35, Bedford Hill, Balham, S.W.
ANDERSON, J., 25, Raise Street, Saltcoats, N.B.
APPLEBY, H., 4, Queen's Terrace, Burnt Oak, Edgware, Middlesex.
ARCHBOLD, J. B., 76, Queen Street, Amble, Acklington.
BAXTER, J., 2, Nine Elms Lane, Wandsworth Road, S.W.
BEARDWOOD, R., Booking Office, Railway Station, Accrington.
BEELS, A., 126, Crown Street, New England, Peterborough.
BELL, N., Mrs., 368, Park View, Whitley Bay.
BELL, R., 6, Front Street, Annfield Plain, Durham.
BERRY, A., Miss, 34, Broomlands, Paisley, Scotland.
BIDDLE, C., 59, Avondale Road, Gelli, Pentre, South Wales.
BILLSON, W., Middleton-in-Teesdale, via Darlington.
BIRRELL, A., Mrs., 62, Newington Road, Edinburgh.
BOWN, E. M., (Miss), Tostock House, Bury St. Edmunds.
BROOMHEAD, W., Grange Mill, Kimberworth, Rotherham.
BROWN, G. A., Milton, Cambridge.
CASHMORE, E., 84, Derby Road, Loughborough.
CASTELL, J., 106, Vaughan Road, Harrow.
CLAYTON, H., Bath Villa, Quest Hills, Malvern.
CLAYDEN, C. W., 10, Irwell Street, Bowling, Bradford, Yorks.
COOLEY, MINNIE, Bicker, Boston, Lincolnshire.
COOKE, G. E., 38, Riverway, Palmer's Green, N.
COTTON, G., 54, Bookham Street, New North Road, N.
COULTON, L. (Mrs.), 184, Kettering Road, Northampton.
CRAIG, W., Irish Boot Factory, Back Lane, Dublin.
CROSS, C., 13, Warwick Road, Anerley, S.E.
CROSSLEY, M. A., (Mrs.) 19, Brackenbury Street, Preston, Lancs
CUTHBERT, J., 44, River Street, Brechin, N.B.
DALE-SCOTT, W., 28, South Burn Terrace, West Hartlepool.
DAVIS, E., 44, Martin Street, Bermondsey.
DAVIDSON, E. (Dr.), St. Luke's Hospital, Halifax, Yorks.
DELLER, A. (Miss), 113, Burges Road, East Ham, Essex.
DEW, A. A., Laurel House, Oxford Street, Coalville.
DONALDSON, D., 2, Pretoria Road, Leytonstone.
DOYLE, E. (Mrs.), 15, Victoria Street, Chorley, Lancs.
DUNCAN, N., St. Mary's, Newport, Fife.
EMERY, H., 19, Carlton Road, Stroud Green, London.
EVERARD, F., 1, Nab Lane, Upper Birstall, near Leeds.
FARR, H., 155, Wycliffe Road, Abington Park, Northampton.
FISHER, J. W. H., 35, Nightingale Vale, Woolwich Common.
FORSTER, ALMA, 4, Laburnum Road, Fulwell, Sunderland.
FRENCH, V. J., 10, Upper Milton Road, Gillingham, Kent.
FREEMAN, G. A. (Mrs.), 33, Cleveland Road, Lytham, Lancs.
GILBERT, T. C., 32, Howard Place, Edinburgh.
GREEN, A. T., Sgt. Major "B" Coy. 6th Yorks Regt., Belton Park, Grantham.
GREENHILL, M., 37, Bramston Road, Willesden Junction, N.W.
HALE, F. H., 74, Kyrle Road, West Side, Clapham Common, S.W.
HARDY, T., 16, Alfred Place Camp Road, Leeds.
HENRY, T., 15, Clayton Square, Liverpool.
ISHAM, A. C., Broadwell, Stockton, Rugby.
JACKSON, L. W., 5, Clinton Terrace, Torrington, North Devon.
JAMES, J. S., 5, Bella Vue Street, Swansea.
JOINS, F., 5, Manor Road, Rugby, Warwickshire.
JOHNSON (Mrs.), 76, Buller Road, Harrow.
JONES, C. D., 27, Birkington Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.
LEVESTEY, G. W., Shropshire Street, Market Drayton, Salop.
LLEWELLYN, O., 70, St. Helens Road, Abergavenny, Mon.
LOFT, C., 12, York Road, Rochester, Kent.
LOMAS, W., 92, Peploe Street, Hoyle, Chester.
MACLEAN, A., 6, Swaby Road, Enfield, S.W.
MARSTON, F., 25, Sistova Road, Balham.
MASON (Miss), Keepers Lodge, Temple Belwood, Belton, Doncaster.
MAUNDER, G., 20, Morley Hill, Enfield, Middlesex.
MCMILLAN, J., 13, West Quay, Port Glasgow, N.B.
MIDDLEMISS, W., 16, Brislee Avenue, Tynemouth, Northd.
MILLAR, S. W., Probate Court, 13, Bishop Street, Londonderry, Ireland.
MILLER, W., The Pines, Terwick, Rogate, near Petersfield, Hants.
MONK, W. G., 18, Victoria Road, Westbury Park, Bristol.
NELSON, H. V., Beaconsfield Terrace, Bamber Bridge, near Preston.
NICHOLL, J., 14, New Road, Halifax, Yorkshire.
NORCETT, F. E., 90, Great Queen Street, Dartford, Kent.
PAUL, W. N., The Cottage, Winchfield.
PEACE, C., 40, Aizlewood Road, Sheffield.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. M. Haskell, 137, Albion Road, Stoke Newington, London, N., from November 25th, and at those of Mr. F. Guttridge 150, Church Street, Stoke Newington, London, N., from November 30th.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown on a slide daily at The Imperial Picture Theatre, Kingsland Road, London, N.

PEARMAIN, A. (Miss), 76, Wyndcliff Road, Charlton, S.E.
PERKINS, I. G., 49, Castle Street, Salisbury.
PICKARD, G. E., 6, Oakhill Road, Sutton, Surrey.
RICHARDS, J. (Mrs.), Capel Bangor, Aberystwyth, Wales.
ROBINSON, A., Stukeley Road, Holbeach, Lincs.
SHAW, J., 28, George Street, Hyde, Cheshire.
SHEAHAN, Miss B., 64, New Cavendish Street, London, W.
SHEPHERD, S. C., 103, Victoria Grove, Bridport.
SMITH, M. (Miss), The Stores, Richmond Road, Ipswich.
SMYTH, M. J. (Mrs.), Horwell House, Copplestone, North Devon.
STARR, E., Coleridge Farm, Prestbury Road, Cheltenham.
SUTTON, E. (Mrs.), Sutton and Co., Outfitters, Tatsfield, Surrey.
TONGE, C. (Mrs.), 76, Rufford Road, Crossens, Southport.
WADELEY, A., 128, Church Hill, Hednesford, Staffs.
WALLIN (Mrs.), 6440, Cleethorpe Road, Grimsby.
WARREN, L., Gresford, Edgeley Road, Cheadle Heath, Cheshire.
WARD, G., 73, Belvoir Drive, Aylestone, Leicester.
WARNE, F. H., 41, South Bank Terrace, Runcorn.
WEST, A. (Mrs.), Kilcroncy, Bray, Ireland.
WILSON (Mrs.), Keepers Cottage, Sutton, Woodbridge.
WILLIAMS, L. H., 16, Platts Crescent, Amblecote, Stourbridge, Worcester.
WILLIAMS, G. (Mrs.), Town Hill, Llanrwst, North Wales.
WINPENNY, L. P., 19, Springdale St., Longroyd Bridge, Huddersfield.
WOOLDRIDGE (Mrs.), Murton House, Clarence Road, Sudbury, Suffolk.
WRIGHT, H. J., Cheap Street, Sherborne.
WRIGHT, J. (Mrs.), 9, Dingield Street, Islington, N.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

DARSLEY, P., 29, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E.
DAWSON, J. W., 29, Arthington Street, Wheatley Hill, Bradford, Yorks.
DAWSON, W., Timekeeping Dept. (Shipyard), Messrs. Caird and Co., Ltd., Greenock, N.B.
DAWSON, R. J., 9, Clydesdale Road, Egremont, Birkenhead.
DELASALLE, M., 122, Dysons Road, Upper Edmonton, N.
DOBSON, W., 15, Setton Street, East Avenue, Keighley, Yorks.
DREW, A. P., 3, Road St., Stoke, Coventry.
DUNSTON, W., Knapp Hussey, Salisbury.
EDWARDS, J. J., 202, Gillott Road, Birmingham.
ELLIS, W. (Mrs.), Camberley, Park Farm Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
ELLESMERE, W. E., 60, North St., Brighton.
ENGLISH, H. A., 10, Clarendon St., Wakefield
FINN, K., Petnara, Co. Tipperary.
FOLLOWS, J. H., 42, Herbert Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
FOSTER, M. A. (Mrs.), 21, Fisher Gate, Nottingham.
FOTHERINGHAM, GLADYS, The Academy, Arbroath, N.B.
FOYLE, E., 37, Delhi Street, Somers Road, Southsea, Hants.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 200 prize winners here or further on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a halfpenny stamp to these offices, and will also appear in the "Competitors' Journal."

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 2, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, December 3rd.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

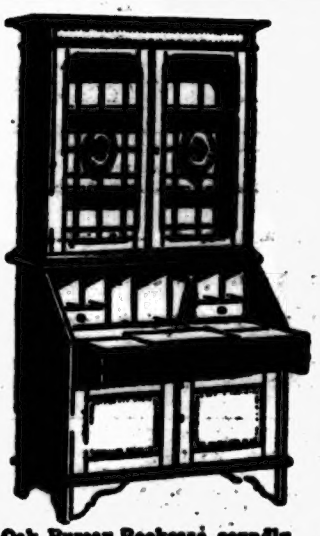
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £4 15s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.

Worth.			Per Month.		
£10	...	...	£0	6	0
£20	...	...	0	11	0
£30	...	...	0	17	0
£40	...	...	1	5	0
£50	...	...	1	8	0
£100	...	...	2	5	0
£200	...	...	4	10	0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Oak Bureau Bookcase, soundly constructed, with leaded light glass doors and fitted with fall front, 3 ft. wide, 7 ft. high, 18 in. deep. £4 15s 0d.

The True "Declaration of London"

London has declared with no uncertain voice that the "Midland" is THE place to go to if you want furniture of sterling quality at prices which give you the fullest value for every sixpence. Call and choose from the £100,000 worth of superb furniture now on view, or

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

Send a postcard with your address, and you get the finest guide to furnishing ever published, free by return. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. All prices are given. *Write for it to-day.*

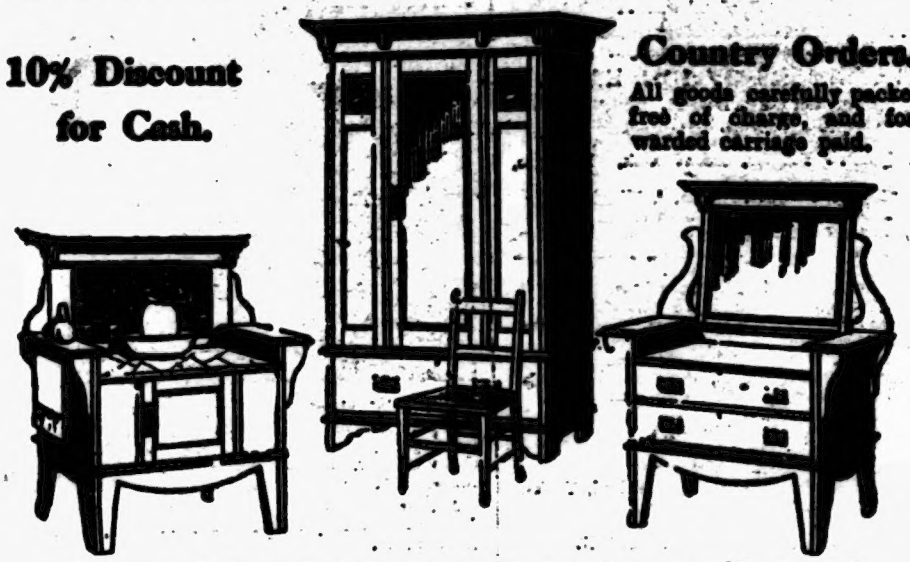
Free Life and Fire Insurance.

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article. Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.

10% Discount for Cash.

Country Orders.

All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.



Well-made Bedroom Suite in oak, handsomely designed, with two rush-seated Chairs, a typical example of "Midland" value, £6 10s. 0d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.
Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.
Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

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